The DELIGHTFUL

HISTORY

OF

Don Quixot

The most Renowned BARON of

MANCHA.

CONTAINING

His Noble Atchievements, and Surprizing Adventures, his Daring Enterprises, and Valiant Engagements for the Peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso*, and the various and wonderful Occurences that attended his Love and Arms.

ALSO

The Comical Humours

Of his Facetious SQUIRE

Sancho Pancha.

And all other Matters that conduce to the Illustration of that Celebrated History, no less pleasant than gravely Moral.

Licensed and Entred according to Order.

LONDON, Printed for Benj. Crayle at the *Peacock* and *Bible* at the West end of St. *Pauls*, 1689.

Edward Hasted
of Chatham in Kent

12489. b. 19

[redacted]

Wardley

1690

Edward Hasted his Book

1713

Anne Hasteds:
Book: 1741:

Don Quixot Dubb'd a Knight Errant by the Innkeeper.

Sancho Pancha toss't in a Blanket.

Printed for R: Crayle at y Peacock & Bible at y West End of St. Pauls.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO HIS

Beloved Consort

THE

Lady S--

Dearest,

BEhold the Advent'rous Champion not knowing to what more safe and secure Sanctuary to betake himself, thus flying to your Protection, which he thinks he has not only reason to hope for, from his being the stout and

and true Defender of your Sex, which yet is a very good Plea, but alſo from the late Encouragement you have giv'n him by an indulgent Acceptance from his Preſenter *of ſomething of another kind out of the* French, *having Faith to believe that his Converſation may be yet acceptable, tho' he has pulled off moſt of his ſuperfluous Cloaths. He is the ſame* Don Quixot *ſtill, Affects and Reverences the ſame* Dulcinea, *is mounted upon the ſame* Rozinante, *takes the ſame Roads, and is attended by the ſame* Squire, *abounds with the ſame* Frollicks, *has the ſame* diſtinguiſhing Faculty, *can take an* Inn *for a* Caſtle, *and be as daring and dreadful to all his Enemies, runs thro' the ſame Hazards, fights the ſame Battels, and obtains the ſame* Victories; *only has left a great deal of tedious, muſty, proverbing behind him, and compriſes his Matters in few words; and like an active, and not talkative Hero, does more than he ſays, managing alſo his* Squire *to the utmoſt advantage, who may, perhaps, be found to be one of the moſt Accompliſh'd* Governors *as ever yet entred within the Walls of* Barrattaria. *In a word,* Garulity *only, that*

that Vice amongſt the Thinking-wiſe, *we have avoided. I ſhall refer my ſelf to the Judgment of* thy ſelf, *and the* Fair, *for whoſe only Diverſion this* Eſſay *is ſolely intended by*

E. S.

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THE

THE *Life* and *Atchievements* OF Don Quixot OF *MANCHA*, &c.

Part I. Book I.

CHAP. I.

His Condition and Quality, with the Reasons of his Engagements.

IT was in some part of *Mancha*, of which the Name is at present slipt out of my memory, in which there was some time since a certain Squire, sprung from the most Warlike and Noble Race of King *Arthur*'s Tilters; his Character thus: He was formerly that which we call a Wanderer from Town to Town, Equip'd with a rusty Case of old Iron, with an answerable

Target and Lance, and a Steed as ſtately and ſwift as a *Pegaſcean* Poſt-Horſe, and as lean and foundred. I might here repeat to you the luxurious Delicates of his Table, his parched Peaſe; his Steaks and Herrings, with a Lark or two on Sundays to mend his Commons; his Fridays Faſts and Prayers, and other his Extravagancies. But let it be ſufficient to tell you, that by theſe things he conſum'd three parts of his Eſtate: And as for the 4th, it was devour'd by the Exceſs of a Wardrobe, which conſiſted of firſt an ancient Pluſh Jacket, bought of ſome Mountebank's Widow, a pair of black bays Breeches for Holy-days, bought of the Hangman. Laſtly, a pair of old Boots, firſt exchang'd for Heath-Brooms, and then new vamp'd by the Cobler, with one Spur and Spur-leather; for he well knew that if one ſide of the Horſe went forward the other would follow after; as alſo a Coat of *Iriſh* Frize for Worky-days. He kept in his houſe a grave Matron of Fifty for Service, a Neice of Twenty for private Recreation, with a Skip-kennel to ſaddle his Horſe, and rob Orchards for ſecond Courſe. The Maſter himſelf was in his fortieth year, very ſtrong of Conſtitution; but the Skin of his face withered like a winter-pippin, an early riſer, and a great Night-walker; as for his Sir-name, tho they that write his Life, are at much variance about this matter: yet in all probability we may allow him *Quixada*.

Know then that this ſame Worſhipful Gentleman, when he had any leaſure time to ſpare,

ſpare, which was for the moſt part all the year long, he employ'd it in reading Stories of Knight-Errantry; which he did with ſo eager and earneſt an Appetite, that he forgot all other Exerciſes, and let his Eſtate go at ſixes and ſev'ns, nay, ſuch was his folly in the Proſecution of theſe vain Studies, that he made his Lands-Errant before himſelf, ſelling a fair Poſſeſſion to purchaſe to himſelf Books of this nature, and ſtuffing his ſmall Cottage with whole wheel-barrows full of this ſort of waſt Paper: Yet none of theſe Famous Writers tickled his Fancy like the Works of the Renowned *Feliciano de Sylva*, eſpecially when he met in him ſuch quaint ginglings, and haughty Expreſſions as theſe.

The reaſon of your unreaſonableneſs, which has affronted my Reaſon, has intenſed my Reaſon in ſuch a manner, That I have juſt reaſon to complain of your Beauty.

And thus again.

The ſublime Heavens of your Divinity, which raiſe you to the Stars, and make you deſerver of the Deſert, which your Grandure deſerves, &c.

With ſuch Conceits as theſe, was he ſo much diſturb'd, he was Baniſhed from all Repoſe, ſo plaguily was he hamper'd with the Intricacy of thoſe Myſteries, in which even *Ariſtotle* himſelf would have been loſt.

But the greateſt of his maladies proceeded from reading of thoſe inhuman Cuts and Slaſhes

which *Don Belianis* both gave and receiv'd, believing if the Surgeon was never so skilful, that they could not be cur'd without a great many Scars and wrie faces: Nevertheless he applauded in that Author his concluding his Book, with a promise of the remaining part; and not finding him so good as his word, could have found in his heart to have turn'd Romancer himself, and supply'd the neglect of the forgetful Gentleman; which they say he had done indeed, had not he been employ'd upon more weighty designs; for he betook himself to his Studies, with that Resolution and Passionateness, that what with excess of poring, and want of Sleep, the whole humidity of his Brain was quite exhausted, and the vehicle of his understanding dry'd up; insomuch that all his Senses forsook their quarters, his empty *pericraneum* being in the mean time stuffed with nothing but the lumber of Inchantments, Quarrels, Encounters, Battles, Challenges, VVounds, Love-Letters, Amorous Addresses, Torments of Despair, Horrible VVoes, dire Distresses, Laborinths, Intreagues, Possibilities, impossibilities, and a world of other Trumpery; and so deep a Root had these charming follies taken in his fancy; that he believ'd for Gospel all the frivolous Fables, and Chimera's that he read, admiring *Cid Rudiaz*; but above all, extolling the Knight of the *Burning Pestle*, who with one back swing of his Faulchion, cut in two in the middle two Gyants, both of which were as tall as two ordinary

ordinary Steeples, and about ten yards about in the waſte, and likewiſe of *Bernardo del Carpio*, who ſent the inchanted *Roldan* to the Devil by ſo Dextrouſly ſqueezing of his VVind-pipe, not to ſpeak of his honourable Opinion of the Gyant *Margante*, and *Raynaldo*, of *Montalbon*, who ſally'd out of his Caſtle, and Robb'd all he met upon the Road.

In ſhort, having thus loſt his VVits, the ſtrangeſt whymſie entered him that ever peſtred a diſtracted Noddle; which was, after ſome ripeneſs of Deliberation, to turn Knight-Errant, with intention to put in practice what ever he had read.

Poor in purſe, but rich in Conceit, he had in imagination already, the *Diadem* of *Perſia*, and prepares himſelf to take the Field: His firſt buſineſs was to ſcour a ſuit of Armour, which indeed wanted it, becauſe it was old and ruſty, as the Key-hole of a Miſer's Powdering tub; for ſome Ages it had been lay'd up and forgotten amongſt garret Lumber: But however rubbing and brightning them as much as he could, *viz.* the Cuirace, Vambraces and Gauntlets, the Devil a bit could there be found of any Helmet, but only a ſingle Head-piece; for ſupplying therefore of which defect, he paſts together ſeveral pieces of brown Paper, which invention, tho it mightily pleaſed him; yet he thought it proper to make tryal whether it would ſtand proof againſt the keenneſs of a Cutlace, and the ſtrong Arm of a Gyant; and to that end, preſently drew out his

own Sword: But ſhame of all ill luck; with one puiſſant ſtroke, he ſpoyl'd the toil of a whole week; ſcorning however to be daunted by the firſt misfortune, goes to work again; but by the warning of this Miſcarriage, bethinks himſelf of lining his Helmet with thin plates of Iron. VVhich he did ſo Artificially, as if he had been *Tubal Cain* himſelf, that now fully ſatisfi'd with the ſtrength and ſufficiency of it, he reſolv'd to confide in it.

In the next place he went to viſit his VVarlike Steed, a lean ill-favour'd Jade, and more defective than a Brewer's Mill Horſe; yet by the judicious Champion valued it at the rate of *Alexander's Bucephalus*, or *Ceſars* Cloven-footed *Barb*, more than half the time the VVorld was Created in, he took to Name him, and at length, after much chopping and changing, he pitched upon the Celebrated and Altiſonant name of *Roſinante*.

Now his next care was to find out ſome proper Appellative for himſelf, ſitting in ſerious debate to this purpoſe, for the ſpace of eight days, at the end of which, he concluded upon the Worſhipful, Honourable, Right Honourable name of *Don Quixot*. Yet finding the Valiant *Amadis* (not content with the plain name of *Amidis*, without the Addition of his Nation and Country to render it Famous) gave himſelf the Title of *Amidis de Gaule*; he thought it highly neceſſary to Embelliſh his own Name with his Countries Denomination; and therefore Styl'd himſelf *Don Quixot* of *Mancha*. Now

Now considering there was nothing more wanting, than to find out some Doxie to be the Lady of his best Affections: For said he to himself, should it so happen that I should meet with some Gyant (as it is usual for Knight-Errants to do) and I should lay him sprawling at the first Encounter, would it not be proper to send these Trophies of my valour to some Lady or other? And that the Gyant so vanquisht and mangl'd, should at his first entrance into her Presence, throw himself at her Feet, and trembling cry: *Fairest of Ladies*, I am the Giant *Caraculiambro*, *Lord of the Island of* Malindrama, *vanquisht in single fight, by the most Renown'd and Valiant Knight* Don Quixot de la Mancha, *who has here sent me to present my self a Prostrate Captive to your* Illustrious sublimity, *for your* Highness *to dispose of at your most absolute Will and Pleasure.*

But the *Don* had not long hung his Wits on tenters, to think of some fit *Trugmallion* to be the Idol of his amorous Devotions, ere concurring Fates refresh'd his memory with a young smirking fresh-colour'd wench, that lived in a small Village, adjoyning to his own Lordship, who went for a *Maid*, but in truth was no other then a crackt piece of ware, with whom the Knight had formerly been in Love; though for her part, being unacquainted with his passion, she took no cognizance of his kindness; her name was *Aldonsa Lorenco*, which the *Don* thinking did not correspond with the Dignity of so

great a Lady and Princeſs as ſhe was like to be, inverted it into that of *Dulcinea del Toboſo*; for that his Miſtreſs was a Native of that Village, as being wonderfully pleaſed to hear the ſmooth muſical, poetical running of the Syllables ſo proper for *Sonnets*, *Madrigalls*, and *Serenades*.

Chap. 2. *Of* Don Quixot[illegible] *firſt Frolick, or his Solemn departure from his [illegible]native Habitation.*

THe *Don* having ſupply'd himſelf of all neceſſary Accoutrements, reſolved no longer to delay his entrance upon the Theatre of the World, and accordingly one morning before day in the Summer heat of *July*, mounting *Roſinante*, away he ſneak'd out at a back Gate into the open Field, without being in the leaſt perceiv'd; but ſcarce had he jogged on above a hundred ſlow paces from his Habitation, when a moſt terrible ſcruple of conſcience had like to have made him renounce the whole Enterpriſe; which was, that he had never yet been *Dubb'd*, as the Laws of Knighthood required; and therefore that he neither could nor ought to challenge or combat any profeſſed Knight; but having laid theſe mutinous qualms (by a reſolution of being *Dubb'd* by the next perſon he met, in imitation of ſeveral others who had done the like, as he had obſerved in the progreſs of his Studies,) on he troop'd the pace of a Butter-womans old Mare, leaving it to the diſcretion of his Horſe to go which way he pleaſed in ſearch of *Adventures*.

In

In this ſlow March, a thouſand Dreams and Fancies rocking his delighted Soul: what a charming pleaſure will it be, ſaid he, for future Ages to read the Storie of my Famous Acts? When the grave penman of this my firſt Career in ſearch of Fame, ſhall thus begin: *Scarce had the bright haird* Phæbus *began to diſhevel his Golden Treſſes on the ſilent Earth; and ſcarce the little Birds had run'd their Pipes to ſing their early welcoms to the Beautiful* Aurora, *who having newly left her jealous Paramours Bed, began to ſhew her ſelf to drowſie Mortals from the Balconies of* La Manchas *Horizon, when the Renowned Knight* Don Quixot, *diſdaining effeminate Repoſe, and the ſoft pleaſures of Voluptuous Dreams, mounting his fierce Courſer* Roſinante, *entered the Antient and Delightful Plains of* Montiel; *for, to tell the truth, that was the very Road he took.*

While the *Don* was intent on theſe and ſuch like rambling thoughts, *Roſinante* jogg'd on fair and ſoftly till the evening; when finding himſelf and horſe both tir'd, and ready to periſh for Hunger, the *Don* concerned he had met with no remarkable Adventure that day, looking wiſhly about him, in hopes to diſcover either ſome Caſtle or Shepherds lowly Cottage wherein to reſt himſelf and his weary Steed, eſpyed an Inn; thereupon neceſſity vanquiſhing Compaſſion, he quickn'd feeble *Roſinante* with a Spur, and arriv'd at the Inn upon the ſhutting in of day-light: Now as it happen'd, two young Females or Daughters of Joy, who where to go

the

the next day to *Sevil* with the Carrier, ſtood cooling themſelves at the Inn door, which fell luckily out for the Knight-Errant, whoſe head was ſo much intoxicated with *Romances*, that he no ſooner ſaw the Inn, but he imagined it to be a Caſtle with four Towers: Which his ſtrong fancy as ſoon had fortified with Motes and Draw-Bridges, and all thoſe other Fortifications deſcrib'd in the ſtories of Knight-Errantry: Therefore making a halt ſome diſtance from the Gate of this imaginary Fortreſs, expecting when ſome Dwarf would ſound his Horn upon the Platform, to give notice of the Arrival of a ſtrange Knight; but finding that no Dwarf appeared, and that *Roſinante* had more mind to be in the Stable, he advanced to the Inn gate, where eſpying the two young hackney ſinners, he took them for Ladies of great Quality ſtanding at the gate of the Caſtle, for the benefit of the freſh Air. And a Swineherd hard by alſo luckily hapning at that inſtant to ſound his Horn three times, to call home his Hogs, the delicious muſick ſo tickl'd *Don Quixots* ear, that he now believed the Dwarf had given notice of his Approach. Thereupon he joyfully rode up to the two Jilts, who beholding ſo ruſty an Apparition, and being more uſed to naked Converſation, and diſarmed Carnality, were about to run for it: But the Knight rightly conjecturing their Terror by their flight, with ſoft expreſſions ſtopt their Career; and the Inn keeper appearing at the ſame time, thus accoſted the Don:

Sir

Sir Knight, if you ſeek for Accommodation in this Place, you will fail of nothing but a Bed; for all things elſe are here at your Service in abundance; Don Quixot *mov'd with the humility of the Lord of the Caſtle* (for ſuch he had fancy'd the In-keeper to be) thus reply'd *Worthy* Paladine, *the meaneſt Cottage ſuffices me, my delight is not in delicious Dyet, and gaudy Curtains and Vallens: my Arms are all the Ornament and Equipage I admire, and Combat is my Bed of Repoſe.*

The Innkeeper could not well apprehend at firſt, why *Don Quixot* honoured him with the name of *Paladine*; but having been an *Andalusian* Bully, and underſtanding trap as well as a *French* Page, or *Northern* Oſtler, it was not long ere he took the Elevation of the Knight Errants Pole, and ſo humouring his anſwer accordingly, held the Stirrup whilſt the *Don* after ſome difficulty diſmounted: when finding his feet on firm ground, he recommended his Steed to the ſpecial care of the *Paladine*, who having led *Roſinante* to the Stable, rubb'd him down, and put freſh hay into his Rack, returned and found the *Don* very ſweet upon the two young wagtails, whom he honoured with the Title of Ladies, and begged a thouſand pardons for the trouble they had voluntarily taken upon them, in having helped him off with his Armour.

The *Don* ſeeing the *Paladine* or Innkeeper return'd, and finding by the grumbling of his gizard his Belly cry'd Cupboard, he deſir'd what his Caſtle afforded might be ſet before him, and at the

ſame

ſame time requeſted the Ladies to do him the honour of ſupping with him, who readily gratify'd the *Don* in his requeſt. But now it hapning on a Friday Evening, by ill luck there was nothing left but a ſmall Commons of *Poor John*, the Remainders of the Servants Dinner, and that very ill cookt into the bargain. However the Hoaſt ſerv'd it up, and told the *Don* 'twas incomparable *young Trout*, which the Knight was eaſily perſuaded to, and well pleaſed with; and now nothing troubl'd him, but that he wanted the Ceremony of *Dubbing*.

Chap. III. *The pleaſant Relation of* Don Quixot,s *being Dubb'd a Knight Errant.*

THE perplexity the *Don* was in for want of Dubbing, caus'd him to make all the quick and imaginable Diſpatch of his ſhort Commons, and after he had clear'd his Trencher, with the Remains of his Bread, up he roſe in great haſte, and carry'd the Innkeeper along with him into the Stable, where he fell at his Feet, and in an unwonted Rapture of Grief and Melancholy, thus beſpoke him: *From this place, moſt Noble* Paladine, ſaid he, *I never mean to depart, till your Lordſhip ſhall have vouchſafed to grant me one ſingle Boon.* The Innkeeper, amaz'd to hear him uſe ſuch a ſtyle, and to ſee him at his Feet, and finding that no Importunity would make him to riſe, promis'd him to do it. *'Twas no more than what I always hop'd for from your Illuſtrious Magnanimi-*

nanimity, reply'd the *Don*; and then proceeding, told him, *That it was the Favour only of being Dubbed by him into the Order of Knighthood the next day; and that he might be permitted to keep his Vigils arm'd that Night in the Chappel belonging to his Caſtle, to prepare him for the Illuſtrious Character after which he ſo paſſionately thirſted.*

The Innkeeper, who was as arch as the Devil could make him, and by this had made a full diſcovery of our Champion, to make a jolly Scene of Mirth to invite Cuſtomers to his houſe, reſolv'd to gratifie his humor, and therefore not only promis'd him the Boon, but alſo applauded his Judgment in the choice of ſo honourable a Deſign, than which nothing more glorious could be enterpriz'd by a Knight of his graceful meen and deportment, telling him, *That he himſelf had purſu'd the ſame Chace of Honour in his Youth, leaving no parts of the World unviſited, wherein he expected to meet with any Heroick Adventures, till at length he came to retire to that Caſtle, where he liv'd upon his own Revenue, and the Spoils of others.*

As for any Chappel, ſaith he, *I confeſs I have none; however I know well that a Probationer may keep his Vigils where he pleaſes, either in a Tower of a Caſtle, or the like, that ſeems to have been built for that purpoſe, aſſuring him, that in the morning he would not fail to compleat the Ceremony.*

The *Don* having liſten'd with ſome attention to the *Paladine*, prepares for the watch of Arms, and to that purpoſe went and fetch'd all his ruſty

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Furniture together, and placed them in great order in a Horſe-trough in the Yard, which he fancy'd to be the *Tower*, and then with a fierce Aſpect embracing his Target and Lance, he took ſeveral turns before it. Now while the Knight was thus performing his Vigils, one of the Carriers that lodg'd in the *Inn*, came forth to water his Mules, which he could not do, without removing of the Arms out of the *Trough*, whom *Don Quixot* no ſooner eſpy'd, but knowing his deſign, by way of prevention, in a loud and furious Tone, thus accoſted him: *Fool-hardy Knight*, ſays he, *who e're thou art, that thus daringly preſum'ſt to approach my Arms, take heed what thou doſt, unleſs weary of thy life, thou haſt a mind to forfeit it as a puniſhment for thy head-long temerity.*

A warning ſufficient, one would have thought, for any Body in their wits; but the indiſcreet Carrier was ſo far from minding the high-flown Menaces of the *Don*, that he took the Arms, and toſs'd 'em from the Trough, juſt as if he had been playing at Quoits. But he had better have been aſleep in his Bed, for the Champion, whoſe Honour thus lay at the ſtake, (having firſt implored his Miſtreſs, that her protection might not bauk him in the firſt tryals of his Courage) ſo forcibly let drive his Lance at the audacious Carrier, and gave him ſuch a Blow upon his inconſiderate Pate, that he laid him ſprawling at his Feet, and indeed one more ſuch, and the ſawcy Raſcal would never have liv'd to have known who had hurt him; which done, the *Don* gathering up the

leat-

ſcatter'd pieces of his Armor, put them again into the Trough, and renew'd his Ceremony as before, without the leaſt commotion in the world. But, ſoon after, another Carrier, not knowing what had had hapned, coming likewiſe, and making the ſame Attempt, he lay'd on him ſo like a Kettle-Drummer, that he broke his daring Skull in three or four places, who roaring out Murther, rais'd up all the reſt of the Carriers in the Inn. Whom the *Don* no ſooner ſaw a coming, but he braced on his Target, and with his Sword drawn in his hand, ſtood fully reſolv'd for the Encounter, and not to abandon his beloved Armor, who yet in revenge of their Fellow Traveller, gave the Knight ſuch a volley of Stones, that they rang upon his Shield, juſt as if ſome Women had been charming down a Swarm of Bees with a Warming-Pan: But at laſt the Storm ceas'd, and the *Don* permitting the Enemy to carry off their wounded, return'd again very calmly to his Arms, as before. When the Innkeeper, who thought he had had paſtime enough, coming up to him, and excuſing the Inſolence of the Bumpkins, as if committed without his privity, gave him to underſtand, that now if he pleas'd, the remaining part of the Ceremony ſhould be perform'd, which might, as he had aſſur'd him as well be done in the Field, or any other place, as in a Chappel, ſince he had none, as was apparent by the *Regiſter of the Ceremonies of that Order*. And ſo cauſing *Don Quixot* to kneel in the Yard where he was, and reading in his Manual, as if he had been reading

ſome ſort of devout Form, lifted up his hand, and gave him ſuch a Dab in the Neck, that he made him lowre ſo low, as to kiſs the Buttons of his Doublet, and then gave him ſuch another Slap with the Flat of his Sword on the Bladebone, as made him ſhrink up again; which done, he order'd one of the Truſſs that was waiting upon him, together with a Boy that carry'd before him a lighted Candles-end, to gird on his Sword about his waſte. In return of which, the Knight deſir'd to know what was her Name, *That as he was oblig'd to her for this Favour, ſo he might make her ſharer in all the future Honour of his Atchievements.* To which Madam Modeſty very humbly reply'd, *That her Name was* Betty, *and that ſhe was the Daughter of a Cobler in* Southwark, *and kept a Stall under a Chandlers-ſhop in* Kent-ſtreet; *that ſhe was both there and in all other places very much at his ſervice, wherever ſhe ſhould have the happineſs to meet him.* Upon which the *Don* deſir'd that ſhe would hereafter, for his ſake, wear the Title of Madam, which ſhe promis'd to do. The other Nymph, in the mean time, put on his Spurs, which occaſion'd the ſame Dialogue between them two, who was alſo oblig'd by this new Knight to ſtile her ſelf Madam; now her reputed Father liv'd in *Chick-lane*, and was call'd, *The End of the Law*, as being the common Executioner of all Maleſactors in the *Palatine* of *Tyburn*.

Theſe wonderful Ceremonies being perform'd, the *Don* haſtens out with a Tantivy ſpeed for Adventures, after he had made ſome tedious Compliments

ments to the Innkeeper, who, glad to be rid of him, reply'd very ſhort, and not ſo much as ſtop'd his Horſe for the Reckoning.

Chap. IV. *What befel the new Knight, after he left the Inn.*

AUrora now began to diſplay her Vermilion Beauties, when the Baron of *Mancha* quitted the Inn, ſo frolick and jocund to find himſelf Dubb'd, that he infuſed the ſame ſatisfaction into his Horſe, who was ready to burſt his Girts for joy: but calling to mind the private advice which the Innkeeper had given him to provide himſelf of all neceſſary accomodations for Travel, as Money, change of Shirts, a good truſty Squire, *&c.* he reſolv'd to return home for this purpoſe, having already fix'd upon a Neighbour of his, whom he thought fitly qualifi'd for his Shield-porter; ſcarce had he rid 200 paces, before he fancyed that he heard a mournful voice, upon which, giving *Roſinante* a gentle remembrance with his Spur, he haſtned to the place whence it proceeded, whither he no ſooner came, but he beheld a moſt doleful Spectacle of a young Lad about 13 years of Age ſtript up quite from his waſte, and ty'd to a Tree, who ſent forth thoſe miſerable Lamentations, and not without reaſon; for a barbarous, luſty, raw-bon'd Country man, with an unmerciful twiſt of leather thongs was taring of his hide, and betwixt every laſh tutoring and upbraiding him with a

proverb. *Don Quixot* therefore beholding the inhuman Cruelty of the Fellow, and moved with Indignation, *Diſcourteous Knight*, cries he, *it is an unworthy Action to aſſail a perſon that is naked, and not able to defend himſelf; but mount thy Steed, and handle thy Lance*, (for he took the Farmers Mole-ſticker that lay by him for ſuch) and *thou ſhalt find thou haſt acted like a Coward, and a ſon of a Whore.* The Country man giving himſelf over for loſt at the ſight of ſuch an Apparition, quaking and ſhivering for fear, made Anſwer: Sir Knight quoth he, this young hedgbird is my Servant that I employ about my Sheep, but ſo careleſs, that he loſes one or two every day, and therefore I puniſh him. It is true, continued he, that he ſays I do not pay him his Wages, but it is an impudent lye; *the lye in my Preſence Dog, quoth the* Don, *by the Sun that ſhines, Ile run my Lance through thy Lungs, unbind the Boy I ſay, and pay him preſently, or I'le annihilate thee out of hand*, which the Country man not daring to contradict, unbound him forthwith; at this, the *Don* queſtioned the lad how much it was that was owing him, and caſting of it up according to what he had told him, order'd it to be pay'd by the Farmer, unleſs he intended to be ſent immediately to another World: the Countryman ready to ſink, proteſted upon his Soul, that it was not ſo much, beſides that he was to abate for three pair of Shoocs, and ſix pence for letting blood when he was ſick; but the *Don* thinking that he had made ſatisfaction enough to him-

himself, by the Stripes which he had given him; and the Country-man pretending that he had no Money about him, ordered him to take the lad along home with him, and pay him to a farthing, adjuring him by the honour of Knighthood, of which he was a Companion not to fail him, upon which cry'd the young Rogue; Alas Sir, my Master never was a Knight in his life, he is no more than plain *Gaffer Haldudo* of *Quintanar*, that's nothing reply'd *Don Quixot*, there may be Knights among the *Haldudo's* for ought I know, but however, he that bravely do's, is a Herauld to himself, since ev'ry man's the Son of his own works. *Ay but, Sir, of what works is he the Son*, cry'd the young Urchin, *who denies me the sweat of my own brows?* So after a long Parley, *Don Quixot* left him thus saying, *Be sure thou provest true to thy Word and Oath, for if thou fail'st but a Half peny, I swear to find thee out, though hid as deep within the bowels of the Earth as a Lizard; and that thou may'st understand that thou art either to oblige with safety, or to offend at thy peril; Know that I am the valiant* Don Quixot *of* Mancha, *the very flail of all Oppression, and scourge of Injustice:*

Not far was he gone from hence, but he perceiv'd himself to be in a place where four Roads met, and remembring that it was a thing usual for Knight-Errants to do, stop'd, and consulted which way to take; but not being able to determine, gave *Rosinante* his head, who took the directest way to his own Stable; of which he had not gone above the space of two Miles, but he

perceiv'd a great Company to follow him, who prov'd to be the Merchants of *Toledo*, that were going to buy Silks at *Murcia*, with 3 of their Servants on Horſeback, and 3 on Foot to lead their Mules. *Don Quixot* no ſooner ſpy'd them, but he preſently imagin'd it to be ſome Adventure, and fixing himſelf in his Stirrups, prepares for the Combat, poſting in the middle of the High way. And no ſooner was the ſuppoſed Knight-Errants come up within hearing, but he accoſts them in this manner. *That man Sir Knights, who adventures an inch farther, ſaith he, moves at his Peril, unleſs he acknowledge the incomparable Empreſs of* Mancha Dulcinea del Toboſa *to be the moſt Peerleſs Beauty in the World.* Which words, and the oddneſs of the Diſguiſe he was in, ſoon made them diſcover what ſort of Figure it was that ſpoke to them, amongſt whom, one of them willing to have a little Diverſion, and to underſtand farther the meaning of ſo extravagant a demand, in ſmooth and calm Language thus Addreſſed him: *Sir Knight*, ſaid he, *we never ſaw this Lady in our Lives, but let us have a Sight, and if ſhe be the* Phœnix *you ſpeak of, we ſhall be ready to comply.* But this ſatisfied not the Champion, who thought them oblig'd at the only ſound of her Name from his Trumpet, to confeſs what he had aſſerted; and therefore he defi'd them all for ſons of Whores, and Lyars; Notwithſtanding, the Merchants only deſir'd to ſee ſo much as the pourtraicture of her, though it were no bigger than a Cherry ſtone, and told him that they were ſo much

much inclined to favour his *Miſtreſs*, that if her picture ſhould repreſent her blind of one eye, and the other diſtilling Brimſtone and Quick-ſilver; yet it would be the ſame thing. Diſtill! you damn'd Scoundrel, reply'd the Knight, there Diſtills nothing from her but Civit and Amber; and therefore know, you ſhall ſeverely pay for the Blaſphemies you have utter'd againſt ſuch a Beauties Paragon, and ſo ſaying, ran his Lance with ſo much Fury at the Spokes-man, that had not *Roſinante* chanc'd to have fallen, and thrown him in the midſt of his Career, the Audacious Merchant had pay'd verry dear for his ſearing; But *Roſinante* fell, and ſo did his Maſter, who tumbling in the duſt, could not for the guts of him get up again of his Legs: Yet, however in this his helpleſs condition, his Tongue went, crying out, hold Scoundrels, hold, abide my Fury, *&c.*

Upon this, one of the Mule-drivers, who could not indure the Reproaches and Bravadoes of this wallowing Knight, adventured to wreſt his Lance out of his hand, and with the butt-end of it, did ſo belabour him, that you would have thought he had been threſhing a Wheat-Sheaf, and tho the Merchants called to him to ceaſe, could not forbear rib-roaſting him, till he had almoſt pounded him to green ſauce; which done, the Driver left him, and the Merchants purſu'd their journey with matter enough both for Mirth and Diſcourſe.

At which time the *Don* finding himſelf thus alone, would fain have got up; but if he could not

not before, much leſs now, when all his Joynts was almoſt diſlocated, and his Fleſh bruis'd to a Gelly.

Chap. V. *A farther Continuation of the Knights Misfortune.*

DON *Quixot* finding himſelf in this helpleſs condition, began to bethink of what he had read in Romances, and not long ſtudying his fruitful Follies brought to his Memory the Story of *Baldwin*, and the *Marqueſs of Mantua*, when *Charlott* left the former of theſe wounded in the Mountain, and fancying himſelf juſt in the ſame condition with him, with a languiſhing voice began to breath out the very ſame Expreſſions which that Author puts into his Knights mouth, and as good Fortune would have it, juſt as he came to theſe words: *O Noble Marqueſs of Mantua*, my Uncle, *&c.* came by a poor labouring man, one of his own Village, (and living not far from his Houſe) with a ſack of Meal, which he had fetch'd from the Mill, and ſeeing him lye along the ground, ask'd him who he was, and why all that doleful complaint, the *Don* who fancy'd as before, and took the labouring man for the Marqueſs, anſwer'd him not a word, but continu'd repeating his verſes, and recounting all his misfortunes word for word, as they are in the Story, the Labourer Aſtoniſh'd at ſuch a world of Romantick *Gibriſh*, lifted up the viſor of his Helmet, bruis'd as it was, and waſhing his

Face,

face, and knowing him, Alas! Master *Quixada*, said he, is it you? Who was the Taylor that made you this Iron Suit? How came you in this condition? But do what he could, the other answer'd not, but went on repeating his Romance, at which time the poor man fell a searching for his Wounds, but finding none, with a great deal of trouble made shift to get him upon his Legs, and then uncasing him, heav'd him upon his Ass, fastning all his Armor to *Rozinante*'s Saddle, and so driving the Ass softly before him, he led *Rozinante* by his Bridle, going on musing with himself upon those Extravagances utter'd all the way by *Don Quixot*, on the other side *Don Quixot* was so crush'd and mort fi'd, that he could hardly sit the gentle Beast he rid on, and breath'd out so many Lamentations, that the poor Labourer could not but ask him again the cause of his grief: But as if old Nick himself had still put him in mind of Stories; he answered all along in the Style and humour of Romances, and apply'd things so strangely to himself, that the poor confounded Labourer curs'd him to Hell for his Extravagancies, and made all the haste he could to the Village, to be rid of him.

Thus was the time spent, till they came to the Village, where they arriv'd about Ev'ning, but the Labourer unwilling that the *Don* should be seen ill mounted, stay'd under a Hedge, at some distance till it was dark, and then led him home, where there was nothing but Confusion, by reason of the Masters absence; and therefore it made him

him willing to ſtay a while and liſten. Note, the Curate and the Barber, his uſual Companions, and his Servant-maid was juſt then diſcourſing the point of her Maſters Misfortune; who had been abſent for the ſpace of ſix days, and as I am born to dye, ſaith ſhe, I'le be hang'd if he is not turn'd *Knight Errant*; for I have often heard him ſay, he intended it. His Neice likewiſe was making the ſame complaint to Mr. *Nicholas* the Barber, deſcribing all the tricks of the Bedlamite, when he was at home; and the ſtrange whimſies that would of a ſuddain ſeize him, as fencing againſt a wall, hacking and hewing of poſts, *&c.* all which diſcourſe, when the lab'ring man had heard, he called as loud as he could yaul, open the gates there, for the *Marqueſs* of *Mantua*, and the Lord *Baldwin*, who is return'd home dangerouſly wounded, and abundance of other ſtuff, at which, they open'd the gate, and the Curate and the Barber immediately knowing their Friend, the Neice her Uncle, and the good Servant maid, her Maſter, they all ran to embrace him, and welcom him home, whom the *Don* with faint voice, deſired to ſurceaſe; for he was ſore wounded, by reaſon his Horſe fail'd him, and bid them carry him gently to Bed: and if poſſibly, that the Enchantreſs *Urganda* might be ſent for to cure his Wounds: Now as I hope to be ſav'd, ſaid the Servant maid, did not I gueſs right, when I told you my Maſters Diſeaſe? But let that *Gypſie* go to the Devil, we'l cure him my Life for yours, without Inchantments, millions of Cankers conſume

the

the Legends brought him to this condition, and ſo they carry'd him to Bed, where the *Don* gave them the Relation, according to his Conception of it, of what was paſſed. They put a 1000 queſtions to him, but he was not at leaſure ſo much, to be Catechis'd; only bid them give him ſomething to eat, and then leave him to his reſt, as being what he ſtood moſt in need of.

Thus while the Knight was left to enjoy himſelf, and the pleaſure of his own Chimæras, the *Curate* inform'd his Curioſity at large, in what condition the *Lab'ring Man* had found him, who fail'd not to give him a particular account, ſo far as he knew. Which confirm'd the *Curate* as to his proceeding in his deſign the next day, to which purpoſe he appointed to meet the Barber at *Don Quixots* Houſe.

Chap. VI. *Of the diligent Survey the Curate and the Barber took of the Squires Library.*

THe Knight thus at his repoſe, the Barber and the Curate having gotten the Key, ranſack't his Study for thoſe curſed Books of Knight-Errantry, which had been the cauſe of his thus wandring about the World, after adventures and of his preſent misfortune, and found at leaſt a hundred of poor innocent Volumes, of which they reſolved upon the Deſtruction. Mr. *Nicholas* the Barber and the Neice would have had it done immediately, but the Curate having a mind to read the titles of them, proceeded his own way.

The first then that was pull'd down, was *Amadis de Gaule* in four Volumes, and because it was the first Book of Knight-Errantry ever wrote in *Spain*, and serv'd for a general Model for all the rest, it was the Curates opinion, that without any partiality, it ought to be condemn'd, as being the broacher, and upholder of a most pernicious Sect; but the Barber begg'd its reprieve, because he had heard, understanding people say it was the best story in its kind in the World; so that they concluded to spare *Amadis de Gaule*, and went to the next.

Which happen'd to be *Amadis de Greece*, and the Barber said, he believed all on that side was never a barrel better herring, and therefore thought they ought alike to be cashier'd, and with this, sent them flying out of the window, to the clearing of a whole Shelf or two; in short, most of them after the deep learning of the Curate, and the rest of the Company had animadverted upon them, either suffered Sequestration, or Martyrdom. Florismarte *of* Hyrcania, *the Knight of the Cross*, *the mirrours of Knighthood Palmerin de Oliva*, and all the rest long-tail, and bob-tail, without much search (except *Amadis de Gaule*, and *Palmerin* of *England*) went to the Stake, and I think the Barber thought good to take home with him, for private Reasons, the *Famous Don Belianis*, the lesser Books next fell into their hands, such as *Diana de Monte Mayor*; which the Curate thought not fit to Condemn, because he said, being only a Book of *Madrigalls*, could not cause that disor-

der

der in the World, nor ingender maggets half so coroding and hurtful to the brain, as those curſed Books of Knight-Errantry; but the Neice cry'd out to him, to let them all ſuffer, for ſays ſhe, ſhould my Uncle be cur'd of this Frenzy, and once betake himſelf to the reading theſe Books, he would turn ſhepherd, and we ſhould never keep him from rambling over all the Meadows and Plains in the Kingdom with his Croud and Flagolet, and perhaps he would turn Poet too, and ſo be troubled with the moſt incurable diſeaſe in the World. The Lady ſpeaks reaſon, quoth the Curate, it will do very well to remove this ſtumbling block out of our friends way: And conſented it ſhould be thrown into the Fire, together with all the reſt, without farther Examination but the Barber ſhewing him one more that was already open'd, entitled the *Tears of Angelica*, truly quoth the Parſon, I ſhould have wept my ſelf, had this Book miſcarry'd by my order; for the Author was not only one of the beſt Poets in the World, but has been particularly ſucceſsful in his Tranſlation of ſeveral of *Ovid*'s Fables.

Chap. VII. *Of* Don Quixots *ſecond departure from his Houſe.*

WHile thus employ'd, the *Don* making a horrible noiſe, and calling after his wild imagination, to ſome fancy'd Knight, that he might be ſharer in the Honour of the Combat. The Grand Inquiſitors, thought it neceſſary to

viſit him a little in his Chamber, and ſo leſt the reſt of the Library to the mercy of the Maid and the Neice, who it is like, without any diſtinction ſacrific'd it to the Flames of Purgatory. *Don Quixot* by this was juſt up, and made ſo heavy a buſtle, that they was forc'd to diſarm him again, and put him to Bed. Where having a while reſted, after many ſtrange Dreams and Rambles, he call'd for his Supper, as being the thing, he ſaid, that he had then the moſt occaſion for. But ſwore by the name of *Rinaldo* of *Montalban* Maugre all his inchantments, he would be revenged of the Baſtard that mauld him ſo when he was well.

Now the Curate and the Barber leaving the Knight after ſupper again to his Repoſe, leſt he might again relapſe into his moſt dangerous Diſtemper, as the moſt infallible prevention of it, lock'd up the Study dore, plotting together to perſwade him, that by the Magick of ſome Enchanter, it had been inſenſibly conveigh'd away Books and all, and told him ſo very formal a ſtory of it when he wak'd, that he really believed it, eſpecially when they told him, that the old Wizard cry'd out, as he was going away with them, that he thought he had plaug'd the owner of the Books, for drubbing the Gyant his friend, which he took to be one that in his own imagination he had overcome. But to be ſhort, fifteen whole days did our Hero remain at home, to repair his battered Carcaſe, without any the leaſt ſign of Reformation for all this, and all this while made it his buſineſs to ſollicite one of his Neighbours

bours, a poor honeſt Lab'ring man, poor, both in purſe, and brains, to become his Squire, and the next neceſſary appurtinence that was wanting, was Money; and therefore, by Mortgage and Sale, ſelling of Robin-Hoods penyworths, he got up a good round ſum, giving timely notice to *Sancha Pancha*, whom he had gain'd to be his Squire, of the day and hour of his departure.

Sancha promiſed all Obedience, and moreover ſignify'd his deſire to take his Aſs along with him, which he ſaid, was in very good Caſe. But the mentioning of the Aſs, put the *Don* into a little Quandary, not being able to call to mind that he had ever read of any one that carry'd a Squire mounted upon an Aſs, but however, he gave *Pancha* his liberty at preſent, not queſtioning but he ſhould mount him more honourably in a little time; which done, and furniſhed with all other Accoutrements, according to the Innkeepers Inſtructions, leaving them a ſleep one night in the Houſe, and getting the Village upon his back, he made ſuch haſte, that he was out of danger of purſuit by break of day, the Officious *Sancha* all the while riding like ſome Patriarch upon his Aſs behind him, with his Bottle and Wallet, according to his Maſters order, taking the ſame road the *Don* haddone before over the Plains of *Montiel*, diſcourſing moſt commonly all the way.

Chap. VIII. *Of the* Dons *ſucceſs in his dreadful encounter, with the Wind-mills.*

WHilſt they were thus familiarly talking together, the *Don* and his Squire diſcovered at a diſtance, ſome 30 or 40 Windmills, which eſpy'd, the Knight preſently addreſſes himſelf thus to *Sancha*: *See now friend, ſays he, the happy guidance of fortune, look yonder, upon about 30 Gyants, of a moſt enormous Stature, which I am reſolved to Encounter and diſembowel, the quarrel is juſt, and the rooting out ſo deteſted a Race, will be a moſt acceptable ſervice to God.* What Gyants replyed *Sancha*? For an't like your Worſhip, thoſe which you ſee, are Wind mills: *I ſee, ſaith the* Don, *thou art a meer Ninny in matters of* Chivalry, *know fool, that they are Gyants, and that I reſolve to encounter them in ſpight of all the Oaths and Ignorance thou canſt be guilty of*, and ſo ſaying, ſpurred on his *Rozinante*, as ſoon as he came within hearing, ſtraining his windpipe, cry'd with a loud voice, Caitiffs ſtand your ground, like Miſcreants as ye are, and flye not baſely, a ſingle Knight that reſolves to encounter you all together. By and by, the *ſweeps* of the Windmill beginning to move with the Wind, enraged him ten times worſe; Nouns and Pronouns ſaid he, what defie me to my Teeth, but had you as many Arms as *Briareus*, you ſhould pay for your Arrogance; and with this, with all the might of *Rozinante*, ran his Lance againſt the firſt, puſhing

ing it through one of the *Winlows*: Which with the ſwiftneſs of its motion, whirling away the Lance, ſhivered it into a 1000 pieces, and then throwing Horſe and Man after it, layed the poor Knight a ſprawling in the Field, at more yards diſtance, than would make a Gown and Pettycoat for *long Megg* of *Lincoln*. Mercy ſave me quoth *Sancha*, coming up a *Dog trot*, did not I deſire your Worſhip to take care of what you did? peace replyed *Don Quixot*, there is nothing ſo inconſtant and fluctuating as War, and its fortunes are to be born, and let me tell thee, I verily believe it is this Sorcerer, *Anathema*, and *Divel*, in human Shape that has carryed away my Books, that has done all this, and changed theſe Gyants into Wind mills, on purpoſe to diſhonour me. *Heavens grant you be* John, replyed *Sancha*: So lifting up one of his legs by the help of a block, he once more mounted him upon his poor half ſhoulder ſprained *Rozinante*.

This Atchievement performed, they took the road through the Mountains, all the way the laſt Adventure being the Subject of their Diſcourſe, where the *Don* having had his Lance broken, as aforeſaid, Reſolved like ſome of thoſe Renowned Oak renders, which he had met with in his reading, as he at large informed his Squire, to reſurniſh himſelf again, with ſome ſturdy Arm of that Plant; and therefore making their Beds that night under the Trees, the *Don* plucked from one of them a luſty long Branch, and fixed it to the Head, and ſteeling of his decrepit Weapon,

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not being able to compose himself to rest, imitating other Knights, who spent whole nights in Desarts and Forests, contemplating the Beauty of their Mistresses; though the more earthly and course-metled *Sancha* could not so well resist the Charms of *Morpheus*, but took so long, and so fast a nap, that not the scorching Planet of the day, to whose rising he slept, nor the warbling Melody of the Birds, could ever have awaked him, had not he been alarmed by five or six Huzza's of his Master; at which time he rose up, and took eight or nine good stout swiggs of the Bottle, as for the *Don*, who had been feasting all night, upon the more delicate and savoury thoughts of his Mistress, he car'd for no breakfast; and therefore being once more mounted, they rod directly to the Mountains passage. Where being arriv'd, they spy'd coming towards them two Fryars of the order of St. *Benedict*, mounted upon *Dromedaries*. and behind them a Coach, with five or six Gentlemen on Horseback; with two men on foot, that lead the Mules.

In the Coach was a Lady of *Biscay*, going to meet her Husband at *Sevil*, where he stay'd to take shipping for the *Indies*, having there obtained a considerable Employment: No sooner had *Don Quixot* descry'd the Fryars, who yet were not of the same Company, though travelling the same Road, but he cry'd out to *Sancha*, question less says he *Sancha*, those same fable apparitions yonder, are no less than *Necromancers*, carrying away some Princess in that Coach, and thou knowest

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in such a case, it is my bounden duty to relieve her. S'life Sir, says *Sancha*, You are under a mistake again: For these two, I'me confident are only Benedictine Fryars, and I'le be hang'd if the Coach belongs to the People Travelling upon not the Road. I have told thee, reply'd *Don Quixot* already, that thou art a meer *Ninny-hammer* in adventures, and so thou shalt see I'le presently prove thee; and with this advancing, posting himself exactly where the Monks were to pass, as soon as within hearing: *Miscreants said he, in a loud and haughty tone, either release those highborn Princesses, that you are there carrying away, or expect no less than such a death, that shall fully reward so impious a detainment.* Whereupon as it was no wonder, stopping of their Mules, they gave him to understand, that they were not the persons he suspected, but only persons of such an order travelling the Road, Come, come, says the *Don*, I am not to be cajold with fair words, I know you are perfidious Infidels, and with that, not staying for any farther reply, ran so furiously at one of them, that had he not prudently thrown himself to the ground, to avoid the blow, his Soul must needs have deserted it's Habitation; which the other seeing, and willing to save one, spurr'd on, and flew as if running with the wind: No sooner was the Fryar sprawling, but *Sancha* fell to Rifling. And the Lackeys not understanding the meaning of it, and seeing the *Don* engaged in a most deep discourse by the side of the Coach, at some distance, fell upon him so in-

humanly, that they left him almoſt for dead. While the poor frighted *Benedictin* remounts and in a cold ſweat, ſpurs after his Companion; all this while the *Don* was ingaged at the Boot of the Coach, telling the Lady that her Beauty now was no longer under reſtraint, and a thouſand other good morrows, upon whoſe impertinence there hapned a moſt pleaſant Encounter, betwixt him and a Gentleman of *Biſcainy*, too long here to recite; but let it be ſufficient to know, that it was on both ſides, with all the moſt manifeſt ſigns of Mortal Antipathy. I think the iſſue of the Combat at laſt was this, the poor Biſcainer's Beaſt ſcared with the blows, and growing maſter of his Bridle, took run, and after two or three frisks, ſhook off his Rider, throwing him almoſt breathleſs to the ground, while the nimble Conqueror ſlipping from his Saddle, claps Lance to his breaſt, and certainly had deprived him of Life, had not the intreaties of the Lady prevented it: Who by her atonements allayed and pacifyed the enraged fury of our Hero.

The End of the firſt Book.

Book

Book II.

CHAP. I.

Of Don Quixot's *falling amongst the Goatherds, and what there occurr'd.*

AFter the many pleasant Discourses passed betwixt *Don Quixot* and his *Squire* at the going down of the Sun, they came to a place where certain Goatherds had set up their Hutts in the open Field, where the *Don* despairing of finding any Castle, resolv'd to abide that Night, taking it as a blessing to sleep under the Canopy of Heaven, and much conducing to the accomplishment of a Knight-Errant's performances, being very courteously received by the Goatherds. And as for *Sancho*, after he had accommodated *Rosinante* and his Mule after the best manner the place would afford, he found his Nostrils full of attractive scent, which drew him to follow his Nose, where the Shepherds were roasting certain pieces of Kids-flesh for Supper. Now all the Manner and Ceremony of their Reception here being both long and needless to relate, the elevated *Don* I must tell you, having found and eat enough to satisfie the importunity of his stomach, took an occasion from the innocency of the 2d

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Courſe, which was of Nuts and Acorns, and ſuch like Traſh, *&c.* thus learnedly to reflect:

Oh happy Age, cryed he, *of Gold! yet not ſo ſtyl'd, cauſe Gold was then more common, but for their ignorance of* meum & tuum *that deſtructive property that hath put all the modern world into an uproar; all things in that ſacred Age were common, the Trees, the Brooks, the Fountains, the Bees yielding frankly up their delicious ſtores, that all men might equally partake of the pleaſant Harveſts of their Fertility: ſheltred with Trees, low Hutts were all their Dwellings, and nothing then but Peace, Union, and Plenty amongſt Mankind; impartial Juſtice ſteer'd a ſteady Courſe, unſoil'd by Intereſt or Favor, till a ſecret Venom once diffus'd, extinguiſh'd Equity that rul'd the world, and primitive Innocency loſt, and Oppreſſion daily increaſing, there was a neceſſity to withſtand the torrent of violence, to which end the order of* Knight-Erranty *was inſtituted*, &c.

So that all this long Preamble was only to ſignifie to them the Quality of the perſons they had entertain'd; which notice you may be ſure muſt needs raviſh the Shepherds, no leſs than if ſome Divinity had vouchſafed to be at their Rural Banquet, who after Supper addreſſing themſelves to the *Don*, as they aſſur'd him, *That it was their real intention to omit nothing that ſhould tend to his ſatisfaction and Diverſiſement*, So they deſir'd that one of their Companions, who was muſical, might have leave to entertain him with his Voice and Bandore. Which the *Don* conſenting to, *Anthony*, ſuch was the Shepherd's name, having

ving tun'd his Instrument, and set himself down at the Foot of an Oak, thus began:

(1)

THY Love, Olalia, *do's surprize,*
Tho not discerned from thine Eyes;
Those truest mirrors can dispense
Such hidden myst'ries to my sense.

(2)

No Monsieur A-la-mode Paree,
At Dancing ere perform'd like thee;
Nor need I tell each Serenade
Which I, for thee, at midnight made.

(3)

Let's tye, my Dear, then th' Gordian *Noose,*
Make me thy Gander, *lovely* Goose;
But if thou wilt not grant my Suit,
And at Love's Ear wilt still stand mute,

(4)

Be to thy self a Plague and Curse,
I'll seek me out some other Nurse;
Left free I'll range in ev'ry Ground,
The Town-Bull ne're is put i'th' Pound.

In the *interim* whil'st *Anthony* was employ'd in singing the recited Madrigal, another of them apply'd an Ointment that he had of bruised Rosemary Leaves, with which he had undertook to cure a wound the *Don* had receiv'd upon his Ear in the last Combat just as he was going to his Repose.

Chap. II. *Of the unfortunate Rencounter of the* Don's *with ſome* Yanguesian *Carriers.*

NO ſooner had *Don Quixot*, as it were, taken a kind leave of the Shepherds who ſo well entertain'd him, but they came to a moſt delightful Meadow, freſh, green, and water'd with a pleaſant ſtream, which inviting him, during the heat of the day, to Repoſe and Meditation, he caus'd the Wallet they had to be unty'd, very lovingly feeding with honeſt *Sancha* upon what proviſions it afforded, freely diſmiſſing alſo the *Aſs* and *Roſinante* to take their fill, where he imagin'd they ſhould be liable to pay nothing for their Commons. But unhappy Chance! All this while *Sancha* had forgot to put *Roſinante* on his Fetters, whoſe Modeſty and Chaſtity he believ'd to be ſo great and inviolable, that all the Mares in the World could never excite him ſo much as to a wanton Thought; but as either ill luck, or the Devil would have it, there being at the ſame time a number of them belonging to ſeveral *Yangueſian* Carriers feeding in the Valley, as is the cuſtom, chaſte *Roſinante*, contrary to the natural gravity and reſervedneſs of his Temper, began to feel a little itching deſire to be ſolacing with a *Phillie*, and without his Maſter's leave trotted gently away to impart his neceſſities to his new Kinred, but the hunger-bitten ſpitles having more mind to their Food than chamb'ring and wantonneſs, not only kickd him, but drubd him ſo ſeverly with their

their heels, that they caus'd him to break his girts; and what added most to his misery, the *Carriers* themselves being not far distant, seeing a Horse amongst their Mares, presently flew in to the relief of their four-footed *Lucretia's*, and so unmercifully *battoon'd* the bob-tail'd *Tarquin's* Chine, that he was forc'd to stretch himself upon the ground for Ease; and had time enough to reflect upon the misfortunes of whoring, before he was able to rise; which the *Don* at a distance perceiving, thinking himself in Honour as well as Interest oblig'd to rescue his Beast, flew with so surprizing a Fury upon the *Carriers*, that carrying away at least a piece of a shoulder, and a thick leathern Doublet from the first, he was preparing to wreck his indignation upon the 2d, had not the *Carriers* for mere shame, being so many of them together, with their Leavers and Pike-Staves so bestir'd themselves, and surrounded him and his *Squire*, who, after his Masters Example, had now thrown himself amongst them, and laid on so like *Anchor Smiths*, that they cast not only the Servant, but the Master too at the Feet of his Horse, and by the sole prevalence of multitude obtain'd a Victory, at what time fearing they had done more than they could answer, they made away as fast as they could. Dismal was this Tempest of Bastinado's, and long they in recovering both; but *Sancha* was the first, who thought a draught of the Balsam of Invulnerable, would do very well for a man in his pickled condition, not expecting the

former uſe he had either of Arms or Legs in a Fortnights time, reſolving never more to draw his Sword, if this was the Fruits of it, againſt either Knight or Peaſant, though it was to gain an Iſland, but to forgive, and live peaceably with all the world. The *Don*, it is true, thought he talk'd no more ſenſe than a *Jackdaw*, and would feign have perſuaded him into other reſolutions, telling him, *That Valor as well as Diſcretion was a neceſſary Vertue, and that ſhould ever any of his Subjects ſee him brightly ſhining like a Prince upon his Throne, it muſt be Fortitude as well as Diſcretion that muſt keep them either from Caballing or Rebelling againſt him.*

I wiſh Sir, ſaid *Sancha*, *I had had this Diſcretion and Valor you talk of, to have help'd me in my late Encounter: But to be free with you* Sir *now, I have more need of a* Surgeon *than a Preacher, and therefore I beſeech you* Sir, *if you are able to riſe, and help me get up* Roſinante, *for whoſe confounded Lechery our Bones have ſuffer'd all this diſmal maceration.*

As for thy Bones and Shoulders, reply'd the *Don*, *they are us'd to ſuch Tempeſts as theſe; but mine that are unaccuſtom'd to them, I am afraid will be ſomething longer ſenſible of theſe ruff Treatments. But alas! the Life of* Knight-Errants *is ſubject to theſe misfortunes; and as they have often good, ſo ſometimes bad luck.* Amadis de Gaul *we find, and the Famous* Knight *of the* Sun *have been no leſs bang'd and bumbaſted than this. Beſides, it can reflect no diſhonour to us to be thus overcome by* Swarms, *and by ſuch illegal Weapons as Pack-Staves, and I know*

not

not what: For I do not remember there was ſo much as a Tuck, Sword, *or Dagger in the whole Company.*

But poor *Sancha*, whom they did not give leiſure enough to obſerve their Weapons, was much more concern'd at the Execution they had upon his ſhoulders, than at the quality of the inſtrument, and did not much perplex his brains about it; when breathing out an hundred Sighs and Lamentations, with as many plagues and Poxes upon thoſe that betray'd him into this condition, he made ſhift to get upon his Legs, and in as upright a poſture as he could, went to catch his Aſs; which done, he return'd to help up *Roſinante*, and then after many bitter Oh's, and wry Faces, laid the *Don* acroſs his Aſs, ty'd *Roſinante* to his Tail, and leading his Aſs by the Halter, as if going with Griſt to the Mill, he took the neareſt way he could gueſs to the High Road; which at the end of three quarters of an hour they, by good Fortune, diſcover'd, together with an Inn, which *Don Quixot*, notwithſtanding the lewd appearance of the place, would needs have to be a Caſtle.

Chap. III. *What befell in the* Inn, *which* Don Quixot *took to be a Caſtle, with other remarkable paſſages upon his ſolemn departure out of it, as the toſſing of* Sancho Pancha *in a Blanket*, &c.

THe Inn-keeper ſeeing the *Don* like ſome *Eſſex-Calf*, lying quite acroſs the Pannel, in ſo lamentable and deplorable a condition, began to compaſſionate his Afflictions, and the well

diſpoſed Hoſteſs his Wife, reſolved to lend her helding hand to the Cure, to which end, calling a Daughter of hers, a pretty buckſom girl, and a deform'd ill favour'd *Aſturian* wench, named *Maritornes*, who was luckily in the Houſe, to her Aſſiſtance, ſhe made him a very ſorry Bed in the corner of an old muſty Cock-loft; at another corner of which was lodg'd a Carrier upon an old Bed, which though made of Hurdles only, and old Horſe-cloaths, had however much the advantage of *Don Quixot's*, which conſiſted of no more than two or three Planks laid upon two uneven Treſſels, and over them an old Flock-bed full of hard knobs, and holes eaten by the Ratts; the Sheets were of Leather, made of the coverings of old Targets. In this ſame curſed Bed of ſmall Repoſe did they lay the Hero's Bones, and in the interim, while the Hoſteſs and her Daughter were employ'd in greaſing and plaiſtering him from Head to Foot by the light of the Candle, which the Beautiful *Aſturian* held; *Sancho* entertained them with a Comical Harangue on the Quality of his Maſter, and the nature of a Knight-Errant, concluding his pathetical diſcourſe thus, Should my Lord *Don Quixot* once get cured of thoſe Bruiſes, and I but eſcape a month or two knocking of the head, I would not exchange my hopes for the beſt *Condeſhip* in *Spain*.

Don Quixot having with great attention liſtn'd all this while to theſe Diſcourſes, could no longer hold, but raiſing himſelf up in his Bed, and taking the Hoſteſs in a moſt obliging manner by

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the hand, believe me fair Lady, says he, a person of my Rank and Quality can not but be highly sensible of the Obligation and Kindness you have done me: Nor can I ungratefully receive so great a favour; and I wish to Heaven, added he, casting a sheeps eye on the Hostesses Daughter, that the God of Love had not already permitted the eyes of the charming though disdainful She who possesses all my thoughts, to Triumph over my Liberty, which otherwise I would now have Sacrificed at the feet of that Illustrious Damsel.

The Hostess and her Daughter was ravished at this, conceiving he uttered words of Courtship and Compliment, though they understood him no more than if he had spoken *Arabick*; but however after they had made him such returns as their breeding would admit of, they left him to his Repose, only *Mariotornes* stayed to rub down *Sancho*, who had as much need of a good dressing, as his Master or *Rosinante*.

Now the Carrier and *Mariotornes*, you must note, had agreed to have a love Skirmish together that night, so soon as her Master and Mistress should be gone to bed, and while the *Don* lay ruminating on the kind glances of the Paladine or Innkeepers Daughter, whose Inn he took for a Castle, in the midst of his imaginations, he heard the exact *Asturian* enter bare-foot into the Chamber, whom taking for granted to be the *Paladines* Daughter, notwithstanding his plaisters and the soreness of his Chine, he rais'd himself up, and stretching out his hand, caught hold of *Mariotornes*

wriſt, as ſhe was groping for the Carriers Bed, and pulled her to his Bed-ſide; neither could her Smock that was made of *Sacking*, prevail to undeceive the beſotted *Knight*. Her glaſs Beads about her wriſt, he took for Oriental Pearl; her Hair as courſe as a Mares tail, he liken'd to the Golden Treſſes of *Juno*; and her Breath, that ſmelt like ſtale ſalt Fiſh, he compared to the odours of *Arabia*? in the mean time the jealous Carrier whoſe ears lay perdue, hearing a rumbling kind of noiſe and whiſpering, and fancying the modeſt *Maritornes* deſign'd to be ſerv'd round before it came to his turn, crept ſoftly towards *Don Quixot's* Bed, where liſtning, like a Sow in the Beans, he diſcovered the intriegue, but perceiving hy her endeavour to quit her ſelf of the embraces of the Knight, that it was againſt her conſent, ſhe was detain'd; he up with his brawny fiſt, and gave ſuch a mauling *ſaſarara* on his chops, that the blood ran from his Mouth like a little Stream; and then leaping on the *Dons* Body with his ſplay feet and ſparables ſo trambled him, as if he had been treading a Hay-Mow; the noiſe they made awak'd the Inn-keeper, who ſuſpecting it to be one of *Maritornes* whoring pranks, took the alarm, upon which the *Auſtrian* Gypſie fled to *Sancho's* Kennel for ſhelter, which conſiſted of a mat of Bulruſhes, and a piece of an old ſplit Sail for a Coverlet, under which ſhe hid her ſelf. *Sancho* at firſt lay ſnoring like a Tapſter, but being awak'd by ſuch an unuſual weight, he believed no leſs than the *Night-Mare* had got aſtride him, when laying about him with his Fiſts, and the

the Carrier coming in to reſcue his Miſtreſſes Honour, there began the moſt pleaſant Skirmiſh in the World; but the Inn-keeper coming in with a light, and a Conſtable that lodged in the Inn, parted the fray. However our Champion at length finds himſelf happily reſtored by vertue of a Balſam, but not to trouble the Reader with the Receipt or Application of this Medicine, he concluded by its help, finding himſelf in ſo good a condition, that he might ſafely undertake all the perilous Adventures in the World, and with confidence look impotent danger in the face; but unfortunate *Sancho* had not the like ſucceſs with the ſame Medicine, for ſwallowing the remainder of the Doſe, and his Stomach not being altogether ſo nice as his Maſters, he was afflicted with ſuch terrible reaching pangs, and throws before he could bring it up, that he thought verily his laſt hour was come; but at length nature being kind, and the Phyſick ſtrong, it forced its way, and the *Hurricane* in his Guts ceaſed, while *Sancho* had juſt breath left hm to curſe the Balſam, and its Recommender. All this while the *Don*, as ſound as a Roach, is ſtill for jogging after new Adventures, and told *Sancho* in fine that he muſt be going, and therefore ſadling *Rozinante* himſelf, putting the pannel upon the Aſs, and the Squire upon the pannel, and ſtealing an old Javelin out of the Hall, for the uſe of the Lord of the Manor, to ſerve him in ſtead of Lance, he mounted his Courſer in the ſight of above twenty people, and prepared to ſet forward. But in return of the *Conſtable's* favours

vours of the Caſtle, he thought himſelf firſt obliged to make his acknowledgments to him, which he did in this manner: *Sir* Conſtable, *ſaid he, I ſhould be the moſt ungrateful mungrel in the World, ſhould I forget the kindneſes I have received; and as it is my profeſſion to puniſh and chaſtiſe Offenders, and give Relief to thoſe that are oppreſſed, ſo I deſire if there is any* Caitiffe *under the* Sun, *that ſtands guilty of any injury or contumely committed in relation to your own Perſon, you will be ſo kind to let me underſtand it, that by this arm he may be dragged to this Caſtle on his bended Knees, to make you ſatisfaction.* The Innkeeper with the ſame gravity reply'd, that as for his offered Revenge, he had no occaſion for it, and that his preſent neceſſities could put him upon no other requeſts, than that he would pay his reckoning; which he ſaid was the cuſtom in all Inns, and people of his Profeſſion could not give away their Goods. How! an Inn cry'd the *Don*, I took it to be a Caſtle, but however, you muſt needs excuſe me, it being contrary to the Laws of *Chivalry-Errant* to pay reckonings, the only recompence cuſtom has allow'd them for all their inceſſant labours for the general good of all mankind; ſo putting to his Spur, and couching his Javelin, rod out of the Inn, before any could ſtop him, leaving poor *Sancho*, though he was not aware of it, in pawn for the Reckoning.

As for *Sancho*, he made the ſame Allegations with his Maſter, and pleaded his priviledge, ſaying, that what exempted the Maſter, exempted the Man

man, swearing by his Masters Knighthood, that he would not pay a farthing if they fleed him alive, not being willing to set so ill a president to after times. Upon which, the Innkeeper combining with certain Clothiers and Embroiderers of *Segovia* and *Cordovia* jolly Fellows, who agreeing with him in this design, sent for a Blanket; and putting into it the poor condemned *Sancha*, tossed him just as your Bulls toss a Dog in the *Bear-Garden*, and made him dance a *Carp-Galliard* in the Air several times one after another, *Sancha* in the mean time roaring, howling, bellowing, bleating, and making such a dismal noise, that at length it reached his Masters Ear: Who was, as he could be no less, so much mov'd with it, that he Galloped back to the Inn, to relieve the distressed; but Alas! the gates being shut, all that he could do, was to see and pity; for as he was looking over the Wall, poor *Sancha* as if he had been rather a Squire volant, than a Squire Errant, was frolicking and frisking in the Air, sometimes with his heels, sometimes with his head uppermost, just as if it had been his tumbling Element.

Don Quixot all the while rages and foams, and chases, and calls them Ten thousand Sons of Whores, swears *Walsingham*, bann's like a Jaylor, and threatens all the Torments of the Ten Persecutions; whilst they on the other side, the more he storm'd, the more they toss'd poor *Sancho*, and did not indeed put an end to his Tribulation, till with mere weariness they were forc'd to it, and then like Men of Charity set him upon his Ass,

Ass, and left him as they found him; who after he was a little refresh'd, was honourably conducted out of the Inn, well satisfi'd that he had bubled the Innkeeper, though at the Expence of his Kidneys and Shoulders. 'Tis true, the Innkeeper kept his Wallet, but *Sancho* minded not that, transported with Joy that he was got away.

Now had *Sancho* overtaken his Master, who perceiving him in that batter'd and languishing condition he was in, and to save his own credit told him. *He mightily pity'd him, and that as he was an Eye-witness to his fatal Tragedy, so he could not but much lament his not being able to relieve him: For I verily believe*, said he, *that they could be no less than Devils and Ghosts of the other world, that so sported with thy Carkass. For by my Honour, when I would have come at those Caitiffs and Vagabonds to have reliev'd thee, I found my self so fastned to my Saddle, that I could not stir, otherways they should certainly have remembred their playing at Shuttlecock with man's flesh, as long as they had liv'd.*

I beseech you, reply'd *Sancho*, *suffer not such a simple Conceit to harbor in your brains, for they were flesh and blood as we are; I am sure they were baptized, for they had Christen-names, and Sir-names, and you never heard that Hobgoblins had so in this world. In short Sir, I see while we run about thus hunting after Adventures, we are like to do no good on't, what a Devil are we bound to find Bones for all the Cudgels in the Kingdom?*

This and more was the Discourse of the Two *Erranters*, when the *Don* beheld on his right

thick cloud of duſt, and with an elevated voice, and undaunted, thus beſpoke his Squire:

Now Sancho, ſays he, *is the time come, wherein thou ſhalt ſee me the Darling of Fortune, and ſignalizing my Arm by ſuch matchleſs performances as ſhall be regiſtred in the Books of Fame; Seeſt thou that duſt? it only hides an innumerable Army marching this way.*

Why then there muſt be two, reply'd *Sancho, for there's as much duſt on the other ſide.* Which perceiv'd, you cannot imagin how it tranſported the *Don*, believing that two vaſt Armies were going to join Battel in that Plain, whereas they were only two numerous Flocks of Sheep, one on the one ſide, the other on the other ſide the *Downs.* *And now* Panſa, *thou Goodman Blockhead,* ſays he, *what have we to do, but to dye in the Bed of Honour, or victoriouſly to aſſiſt the weaker ſide? Now as for that,* ſays he, *that is ſuch an Army, commanded by the Emperor ſuch an one, and the other is the King of the* Garamants, *&c. and the cauſe of the Quarrel is ſo and ſo,* which at large he recited. *May I never ſee* Toboſo *again,* quoth *Sancho, a good and vertuous Cauſe, and I don't believe but the Prince that maintains it* Pentapolin, *as you call him, is a man of Piety and Vertue, and I'll aſſiſt him to the utmoſt of my power.* And then mounting the top of an Hillock, the *Don* undertook to ſhew him all the chief Knights of the Armies, by their ſeveral Bearings their Shields, and to deſcribe him to all the ſeveral Nations as rang'd under their peculiar Enſigns. In word, all that that part of the world contain'd

within its vaſt Extent. *Sancho* was ſo aſtoniſh'd to hear ſuch an Inundation of words, that he could not tell what to ſay; and all that he could do, was to uſe his Gogles, and turn his Noſe as his Maſter turn'd his Finger. But at length, not being able to ſee ſo much as the leaſt ſign of all this long Muſter-Roll which his Maſter had fram'd in his Imagination, *I am a ſinner to Heaven*, ſays he, *if I ſee any Mortal, or hear any thing but the bleating of a few ſheep.*

Well, well, it's no matter, ſays *Don Quixot*, *I ſee thy Fears diſturb thy Senſes, and I'll have the honour of the Victory my ſelf.* And ſo ſaying, couch'd his Lance and flew like Lightning into the Plain, and deaf to all his Squire's Calls and Imprecations, preſently flung himſelf and Horſe amongſt the Sheep, with that Gallantry and Reſolution, that he ſoon laid ſome of his mortal Enemies at his Feet.

The Shepherds, at firſt, call'd to him, and deſir'd to know what harm the poor innocent Sheep had done him; but finding fair means not to do, ply'd him ſo faſt with ſtones, that one ſtone never ſtay'd for another. The Champion, regardleſs of theſe Skirmiſhes, ſtill call'd upon the Traytor ſuch an one, whom he expected he ſaid hand to hand to try the mettle of his keen *Kilzadog*, and to chaſtiſe him for the unjuſtneſs of the War. At length, amongſt the ſhowre of ſtones that flew about the Champion's Ears, one lit upon his Ribs, and forc'd its way through 2 of the ſhorteſt, then thinking to repair again with that Liquor of Life his precious Bal-

Balſam, another ply'd him ſo quick, that it ſtruck it out of his hand, carrying off 3 or 4 of his Teeth, and maiming almoſt all his Fingers. Which two Blows being ſo very violent, the poor Knight falling from his Horſe, lay ſtretch'd out upon the ground as quiet as a Lamb, and the Shepherds fearing leſt he might have been kill'd, taking up the dead and wounded, which were many in Number, rally'd up their diſordered Flocks, and made what haſte they could out of the way.

Sancho, who was all this while upon the Hill, in a paſſion while the Combat laſted, came down, (the Shepherds being gone) to behold, as he thought, the Ruines of his Maſter; however finding him to have ſome ſenſe, Ah *Maſter, Maſter!* ſays he, *Did I not tell you how it was?*

Poh! Poh! reply'd the *Don*, *Thou'rt a Cuckow-brains, I'll warrant thee take but thy Aſs, and follow theſe pretended Shepherds but a mile, and I'll pawn my Knighthood, if thou findſt them not all chang'd into Men again, as I deſcrib'd them: For this is but as the* Negromancers *think fit, who change and metamorphize even as they pleaſe themſelves.* And now ill luck again for poor *Sancho*, who, as he was gaping (at his Maſter's deſire) to tell his Grinders, the Balſam which he had taken began to work, and ſo plentifully diſcharg'd it ſelf upon his Face and Eyes, that it almoſt blinded him; and the ſmell and taſte of it likewiſe ſo turn'd his queaſie ſtomach, and caus'd ſuch a ſudden rumbling in his Gizard, that before he could turn himſelf, he unladed the whole Cargo of his Entrails

upon his Maſter, ſo that you would have ſworn there was no ſecret within them but what was known: And *Sancho*, upon this occaſion, running for a Towel, and miſſing his Wallet, which he had left at the Inn, was ready to run quite out of his wits. It was high time now for *Don Quixot* to get up, ſo that with his left hand at his mouth, and leading *Roſinante* with his right, he made ſhift to creep along to his Friend *Sancho*, who was lolling, like a Man of Grief, with his Face downwards upon his Aſs. The *Don* ſeeing him thus, and not knowing the diſaſter, thus beſpoke him in relation to his own misfortune: *One Man, Friend* Sancho, ſays he, *is no more than another, if he do's no more than another do's; theſe things are nothing, Calms always follow Storms; and good, bad Fortune. Beſides, it's a Maxim, Nothing violent laſts long, and therefore comfort thy ſelf.* And the *Squire* having ſignify'd his loſs, *Sancho*, ſays he, *Deſpair not, God's Providence will provide. The Flies of the Air, and the Worms ſtarve not; neither ſhall we, eſpecially in ſo holy and laborious a Vocation.* This ſaying, they jogg'd on for a Lodging: *But grant*, ſays *Sancho*, *it may be ſuch an one where there are no Blankets, nor Blanket heavers, nor Hobthruſhes; for if there be, Old Nick be your Squire for* Sancho. Thereupon *Sancho* leading the way, and the Champion's gums not ſuffering him to go faſt, the *Squire* try'd to deceive the tediouſneſs of the way, as follows.

Chap. IV. *Of the pleaſant Diſcourſe betwixt* Don Quixot *and his Squire, and of the Adventure of the Dead Corps, together with an Account of the wonderful Adventure of the Fulling Mills,* &c.

FOrgive me, quoth *Sancho, for I cannot but think that our late Diſaſters are the juſt Judgment of Heaven for your tranſgreſſing the known Laws of Chivalry, and breaking the Oath you made not to eat at a Table, nor lie in an Inn, till you had gain'd* Mambrino's *Helmet. Hah! well remembred!* quoth *Don Quixot, and I believe thou wert toſs'd in a Blanket for not putting me in mind of it. Why ſo, cries* Sancho? *Becauſe thou wert acceſſary, by neglecting thy Duty, reply'd the* Don. *Pray remember then now, ſaid* Sancho, *I have told you on't, leſt* Robin-Good-Fellow *o'retake us again for being incorrigible.*

In the midſt of this Diſcourſe Night ſurpriz'd them, and what was worſe, the moſt extreme Hunger, but to relieve them there happned an Adventure, which was thus: Seeing at a diſtance a great number of Lights, they obſerv'd them to advance more and more towards them, looking ſtill bigger as they came nearer, which ſo much redoubled their Fears, that *Sancho* let fly, and *Don Quixot*'s hair ſtood an end, tho' the Champion's Courage was not ſo much Shipwrack'd, but that he recover'd it again, and beheld the diſmal Spectacle with more firmneſs, which was no more than a Company of Prieſts, bearing each a Torch

in his Hand, and all in white, according to the Cuſtom, and a few diſconſolate Friends attending a deceaſed Gentleman's Bones to *Segovia*, the place of his Nativity. Indeed ſuch a doleful Spectacle as this in the middle of the Night, might have ſhaken a ſtouter Courage than *Sancho*'s, but not the fearleſs *Don Quixot*'s, who, full of his Fegaries, and fancying the Litter the Corps was carried in, to contain the Body of ſome Knight, either ſlain or wounded, the Revenge of whoſe Misfortunes was only reſerv'd for him; poſted himſelf in the way juſt before them, and thus addreſt them. 'Stand, ſaith he, *whoever you are,* 'and let me know both who, and whence you came, and 'whither you are going, and what you are conveigh-'ing in that Litter, for you look like ſuch, who have 'either done, or receiv'd wrong, and I muſt have an 'account, either to puniſh the Offender, or relieve the 'Oppreſſed. But notwithſtanding the boldneſs of our Hero, he could meet with no other anſwer, Than that they were in haſte, and could not have time to ſatisfie his Curioſity; and one of the Horſemen endeavouring to preſs forward beyond the bounds he had ſet him, the Knight bravely laid hold on his Bridle, and demanding whether he was weary of his Life, bad him defiance; at what time, as ill luck would have it, the poor frighted Mule fell a Cap'ring and Roaring at ſuch a rate, that ſhe threw her Rider: upon which one of the Lackies a little upbraiding him, the heated Champion flew with a Dragon-like Fury upon the next, diſmounting him, ſo a ſecond, and alſo a third,

third, with a Courage altogether extraordinary; ſo that you would have Sworn *Rozinante* to have been another *Pegaſus*, or Flying-Horſe, and to have deſerv'd to make as eminent a Conſtellation in Heav'n, as he is ſaid to have done; and the Maſter at leaſt to have been Deifi'd for the Illuſtrious Vigor and Activity that appear'd in him. It was not for Men of Peace to withſtand this rapid Fury; ſo that the officious Prieſts in white fled, and ran o're the Fields with their Torches in their Hands, juſt like ſome Maſqueraders on a Bonfire Night; and as for the Mourners, they were ſo muffled up in Sables, they were forc'd to abide his blows, without being able to repay him again; ſo that the Renown'd Champion was ſoon Victorious, and the Aſſiſtants all concluded, That the Devil was come to fetch away the Corps before they could bury it. Now was *Sancho* a rifling, and would not ſtir till he had fill'd one of the Prieſt's *Caſſocks*, ty'd it up, and laid it upon his Aſs: After which running to his Maſter, at his command he remounted the poor Man that was thrown by his Mule, and giving him his Taper again in his hand, bid him be content, and follow his Companions, telling him, That if they muſt be fooling with their Torches and Surplices in the Night time, they muſt take what hapned: For his Maſter, the general preſerver of the World's Peace, could not endure ſuch Things, to the frightning of Nurſes and Children, and creating of Stories and Fables, of which there were too many already in the World, and that he ought to believe, tho'

they had committed a miſtake, yet as they appear'd to them, it was not in their power to do otherwiſe.

This ſaid, they jogg'd on, and coming into a Valley skulking between two Hills, fit for their purpoſe, they ſoon found that Men in Orders were not the worſt Stewards for their Bellies, *Sancho* having open'd the *Caſſock*, and ſpread it on the Graſs, while both of them diſpatch'd their ſtolen Goods with all the pleaſure imaginable, only *Sancho* had forgot to plunder the Bottle, and ſo they wanted Drink.

Here I might tell you of the Thirſty *Sancho*'s Philoſophical Concluſion, from the extraordinary freſhneſs of the Graſs, that there muſt needs be ſome Spring near, to ſquench their Thirſt; and of their ſudden hearing a diſmal roaring of Waters, and redoubling of blows and batteries, and ratling as of Chains, *&c.* and all the reſt of the fear augmenting Terrors, the Undauntedneſs of the reſolved Champion, his fixedneſs for Encounter; *Sancho*'s concern and advice, his Policy to divert his Maſter from his determinations and entertainment of him, while the bright *Aurora* had no ſooner diſplay'd her purple Mantle o're the Skie, but notwithſtanding *Sancho*'s endeavours to the contrary, the Champion rode directly on as he was led by the Noiſe, with the Squire trembling at his heels, together with the iſſue of his Adventure; but ſince our Champion was ſo groſly deceived of his Expectations, and all the recited Aſſembly of Terrors proceeded only from a few

Thumps

Thumps of a Fulling Mill, I presume, with *Cid-Hamet*'s leave, it will be more for the honour of our Champion to proceed to the next *Chapter*.

Chap. V. *Of the winning of* Mambrino's *Helmet. The* Don's *releasing a great number of miserable Wretches condemn'd to the Gallies, and what happened thereupon.*

THE *Don* turning into an Highway on the right hand, he had not rid far, before he descry'd a Horseman that wore upon his head something that glittered like Gold, and turning to his *Squire*, thus bespoke him:

Friend Sancho, said he, *thou knowst what a Vow I have made, and in all probability yonder comes the present possessor of* Mambrino's *Helmet.* Now the Truth of the Story is this; it was only a Barber riding to a certain Village upon a grey Mule, with a new-scowr'd Bason of his upon his new Hat, to save it from the wet, for it rain'd very hard; and therefore the far-sighted *Sancho* discerning all this, would fain have persuaded his Master that he was under a mistake: But the supposed *Knight* drawing near, away flew the metled Champion, like some Bird, with his Lance couch'd upon his Thigh, resolving to split the poor Barber in two; and the endanger'd Tooth-drawer seeing him come thundring upon him at such a rate, had no other way to avoid him, but by slipping from his Ass, and running away cross the Fields, and so he did, swift as a new started Hare, leaving his Ass and Bason behind him. The *Don* being thus Lord of the Prize, com-

commanded the *Squire* to alight, and fetch him the Helmet, ſwearing by the Maſs, *That the ſubtle Pagan that wore it, though he had wit enough, like the Beaver, to ſave his life, by leaving his Civet-Box behind him, never knew the value of it; for in my Conſcience,* ſays he, *here wants the one half of it, and I believe the Dog finding it to be pure Gold, has melted the other half, and ſold it, reſerving only this Skull-piece here to go a Training with upon Artillery days.*

Bleſs me, reply'd *Sancho, what a ſtrange* Saracen's head *muſt he have that wore this Helmet as you call it; for, methinks, it is as like a Barber's Baſon, as one drop of water's like another. And I believe it may be worth Five ſhillings, as well as Five pence:* And with this was ready to break his ſides with laughing.

What means the Fool to twitter, ſays the *Don, thou underſtandſt not the value of this Head-piece, which had I once a Vizor fix'd to, ſhould not be exchang'd for that which* Vulcan *himſelf once forg'd for the God of War.*

Well but Sir, ſaid *Sancho, now for a little of directions what to do with this daple grey Nag here, which the diſmounted Fugitive has left behind him: For by my Beard, methinks the grey Horſe is the better Aſs.*

The Laws of Chivalry, quoth the *Don, permit not to plunder, unleſs the Victor happen to loſe his own Horſe in the Combat: Therefore leave the Horſe, but as for the Furniture I am not aſſur'd, and therefore I give thee leave, till I am better inform'd, to take thy ſatisfaction upon that, eſpecially if thy wants are great.* This ſaid, the *Squire* doubly authoriz'd by his

is Maſter, and the Proverb, *Exchange is no Robbery*, ell to work, and trim'd up his Beaſt ſo Monſtrous ine, that ſhe hardly knew her ſelf, or her Maſter; o diſdainfully did ſhe carry her ſelf.

This done, like true *Knight-Errants*, up they oth got, and left it to the diſcretion of their Horſes to take which way they pleas'd, who uickly brought them into the high Road again; nd *Don Quixot*'s caſting up his Eyes, after a long Diſcourſe paſs'd betwixt him and his Squire, beeld a ſight which produc'd the following Adventure.

The Great *Cid Hamet Benengeli*, the Famous *Arabian* and *Manchegan* Author reports, That he *Don* at a diſtance beheld no leſs than Twenty everal Perſons, all in a row one behind another, ike Beads upon a ſtring, who manacled and link'd ogether, with every one a Sauſage of Iron about is Neck, came ſaunter, ſaunter along, till they et each other full, but guarded alſo by two Harquebuſiers a Horſe-back, and two Men arm'd with words and Jav'lins, whom when *Sancho* ſaw, *On y Life*, ſays he, *a Company of Rogues Condemn'd Law and Juſtice, and forc'd to the Gallies! How orc'd, quoth* Don Quixot? *nay then let the caſe be ow 'twill, they come within the verge of my Profeſſion*; nd drawing up to the Chain, deſir'd to know of he Guards why thoſe poor Wretches was ſo miſeably handled? And farther, That he might have ave to examine every one the cauſe of his Misortune, which he was accordingly permitted. The ſt then Anſwered him, That his was for being

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in Love. In Love! quoth the *Don*, Bodikins! if that's all, I ought to Row in the Gallies too. Ay, but Sir, says he, with a Hamper of Linnen, for which, besides my having been powd'red with a good Whipping, I am to *Mow the great Meadow* for three years, by which the young Rogue meant the Sea, not being above 24 years of Age: After him, the second told him, that truly he was sent to the Gallies only for singing! How quoth *Don Quixot*, must Musicians go too; I profess I do not understand ye: Sir, said one of the Guards, singing among these Newgate Birds is taken for confessing: And because this Rogue confessed his Crime, which was only Horse-stealing, and receiv'd Sentence upon it, they are ready to teaze him out of his Life for his Cowardice. Then the *Don* passed to the third, who merrily told him, that he went to the *Gallies* for want of ten Guineas; for could I, says he, have but greas'd the Keeper with that Sum, I had never been led along thus in a String, like an *Irish* Grey-hound; but Patience, since every thing has its Season.

The fourth, Venerable Monsieur *Grey-Beard* was Condemn'd to the Gallies, and had often embrac'd the Whipping-post for Fortune-telling, and Pimping: From him he went to the fifth, who told him very currently, that for his part he went to serve his Majesty, for being too kind to two Cosin *Germans* of his, *&c.*

Behind him came the last, a Rogue that no Gaol or Fetters would hold, and that went by more Names, than the Great *Turk* had Titles, whom having examin'd,

examined, he thus Addreſſes himſelf to 'em all: *Dearly Beloved, ſays he, I find that though you are juſtly Condemn'd for the ſeveral Crimes you have committed, that you are yet unwilling to undergo the Puniſhment, and ſo ſuffer by force and Conſtraint, and therefore properly fall under my Protection: I deſire you therefore, ſays he, turning to the* Jaylor, *good Mr.* Jaylor, *that you would ſet theſe poor wretches free, for though they are Criminals, yet it is ſufficient that Heaven puniſhes the Wicked:* Hah, Hah, Hah! ſays the *Jaylor*, as if I had power to ſet at liberty the Kings Priſoners; prythee, prythee, march on ſays he, and ſet your Baſon right upon your empty pate, and don't moleſt us in the Execution of our Office: This ſaid, the *Don* made no more to do, but ſo impetuouſly attackt him, that he threw him to the ground, and the Priſoners getting off their Fetters by *Sancho*'s Aſſiſtance, joyn'd the Champion ſo Couragiouſly, and let flye ſuch a Volley of Stone-Shot at their Keepers, that they forc'd them at length to their Heels, and now made a Ring about the Knight to know his pleaſure; upon which, he thus beſpoke them, *Gentlemen, ſays he, you know it is the part of Perſons well Bred, to acknowledge Benefits*, and you ſee how far I have hazarded my ſelf for your ſakes, this therefore I only enjoin as a return for your Deliverance, That you carry this Chain of yours as a Preſent to the Matchleſs *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, with an account alſo how, and by whom it has been wrought, and know I ſtile my ſelf the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance*: (for ſo upon the perſwaſions of *San-*

cho, and to follow, as he ſaid, the Example of other Knights-Errant, he now call'd himſelf) Moſt Soveraign Deliverer, ſaid the Maſter *Crack-rope*, it is but juſt, that in all reaſonable Commands we obey you; but for us to run our ſelves into the ſame Captivity again, and to carry our Chains to *Toboſo*, we muſt needs tell you, you may as well expect pears from an Elm Tree, and with this, being very little more of a Chriſtian for his ſufferings, than he was before; and receiving incentive Language from the *Don*, he tip'd the wink upon his Company, and with them hurld ſuch whole quarries of Stones at his pate, that they threw him from his Saddle, and then ſo mortifyed him with his own Baſon, they almoſt broke his Head to pieces, ſtripping him of his Coat, Robbing *Sancho* of his Caſſock, and uncaſing him to his Shirt: Which done, and dividing the ſpoil, they ev'ry one ſhifted for themſelves having verify'd the Proverb, Save a Thief from the Gallows, and he ſhall be the firſt ſhall hang his Benefactor.

Chap. VI. *Of what befel the Famous* Don Quixot *in the Mountain of* Sierra Morena, *being one of the Strangeſt Adventures in all this real Hiſtory.*

IT was now that *Don Quixot* remounted his *Roſinante*, and *Sancho* beſtrided his Aſs, leading the way to the black Mountain call'd *Sierra Morena*, where they reſted under ſome Cork-Trees. But no ſooner had the Fair *Aurora* began to ſmile upon

upon the Hills, and the *Don* to be some thing refresh'd with Sleep; but he was ore-joy'd to find himself in such a hopeful Solitude, which he believ'd must needs afford him sufficient occasion for his prowess: In which he had not gone far, before fortune presented him with a strange Spectacle, a Man almost naked, and Skipping from Rock to Rock, ore all the Thorns and Bushes that were in his way, the Savage wildness of which Spectacle put him at first into some dismay: Yet notwithstanding he resolvd to pursue him, to see whether he could find out if possible the meaning of so unusual an Apparition. And he had not gon far, before he was informed by a Goatheard, that there had a young Gentleman for the space of six Months incessantly haunted those parts, and in the same Lamentable Ragg'd and Tatter'd condition in which he describ'd him, who seemed by the several Expressions that fell from him to be in Love; and particularly he observ'd, that in the height of his Frenzie, he used to cry out against one *Ferdinand*, whose Name he had often in his Mouth. Now as good fortun would have it, just as the Goatheard was giving this Account of him, the young Man himself appeared upon the Cleft of a Rock, right against the place where they stood, advancing civilly towards them; at what time he was by the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance*, for so now did the *Don* Style himself, accosted, due Civilities first receiv'd and return'd after this manner: Sir, may I conjure you said he, by all that's good, and by the beloved Object of your most early af-

fections, to tell me who you are, and why here, so far from the Converse of Mankind. *The Knight of the Rock* surpris'd at first with so unexpected a Request, made some pause; but afterwards intreating the Company to sit down upon the grass, began to give him the satisfaction he demanded in the following Relation, begging the Company not to interrupt him, for if they did, he could go on no farther.

Sir, says he, my Name's *Cardenio*, the place of my Birth *Andaluzia*, my descent from Noble and Wealthy Parents, and my Misfortunes great. Now, says he, Gentlemen, it was my hap to love a person, in whom all those Perfections immediately concenterd, which in others separately appear; her Name was *Lucinda*, which Lady was also belov'd by a Rival, this Rival bred my Grief; for like a Nick-a-poop as I was, thinking I might trust my Friend, I always made *Lucinda*'s Beauty, Wit, and Prudence, the Subject of my Discourse to him, till at last I inamour'd him; and smelling the Rat, grew heightn'd to an extream degree of Jealousy: Now Sir, says he, it likewise hapned on a certain day, that *Lucinda* desir'd me to lend her *Amadis de Gaul*. Upon this, *Don Quixot* (who could as well be hang'd, as forbare speaking, when he heard the least mention of Knight-Errantry) interrupted him, and the disturbed *Cardenio* would not be perswaded to go on any farther, but musing upon some other point of the Mathematicks, and rising like a Distracted Man of a sudden; In good truth, says he, I believe that Son of a Whore, the Stallion

lion of a Barber, *Tom Thumb*, did lye with the *Queen of Trumps*.

By all that's Vertuous, says the *Don*, it is unlikely that a Princess should suffer such a thing, and who ever affirms it, lyes in his Throat; *Caracnio* upon this, in one of his Mad Fits, fixing his Eye upon him, and not enduring the Provocation, with a huge Stone that lay by him, so unmercifully Assaulted the *Champion*, that he beat him backwards upon his Rump: And lastly, banging both the Goatheard and the Squire, retir'd back to the Mountain. I should here likewise tell you, that the Squire and the Goatheard fell to Loggerheads, and the occasion, but they were soon parted; and his Master and he at last took their leaves of him very kindly, Steering their Course into the roughest and craggyest part of that Mountain, where after many long Preambles and Discourses, the Champion signify'd to his Squire a design of his, in that Lonesom Desart: Know said he, most faithful Squire, that it behooves every man that will be Famous in his way, to follow the best Originals, therefore I intend here to act the Famous *Amadis de Gaul*, who never before so much signalized his Valour, Wisdom, constancy, and love, as in retiring to the *poor Rock*, under the Title of the *Lovely Obscure one*; here will I therefore endeavour exactly to copy him in all the Frantick Madnesses of his Despair, and to outdoe all the Outrages of the Valiant *Orlando*. This said he, *Sancho*, and a Journey for thee I resolve upon, which shall be within three days to the Matchless Madam *Dulcinea del Toboso*, to whom all

the *Helena's* and *Lucretia's* of *Greece* and *Rome* were not worthy to be Kitchin Maids.

Sir, says *Sancho*, *you speak Reason, but where is the Letter I must have to her? sure I must have a Letter.* With that the *Don* retir'd, and pulling out a Table-Book, writ as follows in a short time.

The Letter to *Dulcinea.*

HE that is stab'd to the quick with Absence, sends thee that Health, which he wants himself. If thy Beauty and Virtue still disdain and reject me, as I am your Martyr, I have patience enough to abide it: For what remains, belov'd Enemy, of my Repose, my faithful Squire *shall give you an account.*

Yours till Death,

The Knight of the Ill-favor'd Countenance.

By all the Sins I ever committed, says *Sancho*, *one of the most matchless pieces I ever read! But, pray, who is this Madam* Dulcinea? *For I have all this while believed her to be some Princess at least.*

Sancho, says he, *Thou art a Dunce, and a Coxcomb*, Joan's as good as my Lady in the Dark; *No matter what my* Dulcinea's *quality is, it is sufficient for me, that* Nan Hogg, *the Daughter of* Dick Hogg, *and* Joan Hogg, *is Witty, Fair, and Chaste; at least I think her so. Why, prithee, what are all the* Phillis's *and* Sylvia's *you meet with in so many Romances and Poems, but meer Inventions of the Poets;*

For

For my part, as I make use of Dulcinea, *I think she surpasses all the Princesses in the world, and excels all the Heroesses of the Ancients.*

Cudds-bobbs! cry'd *Sancho, Is it that Trull? why I know her as well as her Mother do's, she's a Bouncer I'll swear.* Nan Hogg! *Good Stars! How I long to see the doudy* Fusty-luggs! *But now, I think on't, can she read? For, I suppose Sir, your Loves have been always* Platonick, *you know little of one another; but 'tis no matter, dispatch all Necessaries, and let me be gone; for the sooner I go, the sooner I shall return. Yet lest I should mistake my way Sir, and never be able to find this place again, it being such a by-hole, I think 'twould not be amiss if some Land-mark was erected, which for height might at least vie with* Bow-Steeple.

But the *Don* rejected that Project, and rather advis'd him to strew some Boughs along the Road as he pass'd: So the *Squire*, after having received full Instructions from his Master, and after a deluge of Tears shed on both sides, mounted certainly one of the best Nags in the world, I mean *Rosinante*, and took his final and solemn Leave of his dear Master, till he should see him again at his Return.

Chap. VII. *Of the Squire* Sancho's *performance of his Embassy, with many other Occurrences of great Importance: Together with the Curate and Barber's accomplishment of their Design.*

LET us now therefore leave our fam'd *Hero* to his Sobs, and take a view of his Ambassador; who, getting clear of the Mountain, takes the direct Road to *Toboso*, and arrives the very next day near the Fatal *Inn*, where he had been toss'd in a Blanket; the sight of which put him into a panick Fear, lest he should a second time be fore'd to play at Leap-Frog in the Air. But yet Necessity constraining him, he advances to the Gate, where the Curate and the Barber, who had formerly pass'd that dreadful Sentence on the Books, happning to meet him, presently call'd him to mind, and ask'd him, *What was become of his Master, how he did, and in what condition he was?* But *Sancho* made no Reply, being loth to discover; nor could all their Entreaties prevail on the mute *Squire*, till threatning him severely, *If he did not immediately give them an account, they would shut him up in* Newgate, *upon suspition of having murder'd his Master, and stolen his Horse*, he was forc'd to tell them the Truth, and nothing but the Truth of the whole matter, *viz. That his business was to go with a Letter to* Dulcinea *of* Toboso, *and with a Bill of Exchange that was signed with his Master's own hand for three Asses of five he had at home, of which the least he hoped was as big as a Castle, in*

return

return for the most unfortunate loss of his own which he had lately suffer'd, (for he had some time since lost his Ass in the Mountain) both which were written in his Table-Book, out of which he had Orders to transcribe them at the next Village (especially the first) into gilt Paper. So putting his hands into his Pocket, he rumag'd for them with both his hands: But alas! no Table-Book was to be found, so that either he had lost it, or his Master had forgotten to give it him; and vainly searching both Pockets and Cloaths, he in a cold Sweat so punish'd his forgetful Noddle, that the blood even gushed out of his Nose; and had not the Curate promis'd him another Bill of Exchange, had infallibly besisted his blubber'd Cheeks till he had kill'd himself. But as for his Letter, that he well enough recollected, (after a great deal of mirth at the blunders and mistakes which he first made) for the Curate to write that out. *To which,* he said, *could he be but so happy as to procure a kind Answer, he did not question but he should be made at least an Earl upon some Continent, for that his Master was now grown weary of Islands. Oh the influence of pleasing Dreams upon deluded Fancy!* But yet the Inchantment being so innocent, and tending to nothing of mischievous design, the Curate and the Barber did not think fit to rectifie his judgment now, but proceeded to the execution of the following Project, to retrieve his Master from the unprofitable Extravagances he had undertaken. The Expedient was this: The Barber borrowing a compleat Woman's Apparel, in this Disguise re-

reſolved to go to *Don Quixot*, like ſome *Lady-Errant*, and feigning himſelf to want his aſſiſtance, to engage him to a revenge of a pretended Injury done him by a Brother of the Order, who had been the miſcreant Violater of his Honour; and that the Curate ſhould equip himſelf ſo, that he might follow him as his Squire; not doubting but ſo tempting a Bait as this, ſo ſeeming a Meſſage from Heaven would lure him from his moſt extravagant deſign to his own houſe, where they would once more endeavor to cure him. The Curate being highly pleaſed with the Project, they reſolve upon it, and the Barber fitted up with all proper Accoutrements, getting upon his Side-Saddle, and the Curate mounted upon his Dromedary, they took their Leave of the Hoſteſs, ſpurring on till ſuch time as *Sancho*, who had lingred a little behind had overtaken them, who began now to entertain them with the farther Relation of *Don Quixot*'s antick Behaviour in the Wood.

The next day arriving where *Sancho* had ſtrew'd the Boughs for his Land-mark, they made a ſtop, and *Sancho* receiving Inſtructions that he ſhould take no notice at all of them, and likewiſe as to his Anſwer from *Dulcinea*, *That he ſhould ſay ſhe had ſent it him by word of mouth, in regard ſhe could neither write nor read; which was, that upon pain of her higheſt diſpleaſure, he ſhould immediately repair to her preſence, and that he ſhould bring them tydings of what he had done.* The *Squire* rode on to ſeek his Maſter, leaving the Curate and Bar-

Barber by the ſide of a Brook, under the ſhade and verdure of a pleaſant Bank. It was not long after *Sancho* had left them, before they eſpy'd at the Foot of ſome adjacent Rock the poor diſtreſſed *Cardenio, the Ragged Knight*, whom ſome time ſince, we ſaid, had, in a Rage, retired into the Woods, who made up to them very civilly, as ſoon as he had obſerved them, and, upon their Requeſt entertained them at large with the Story of his Misfortunes, which he had before began to *Don Quixot*, and his *Squire*, and the *Goatherd*, frequently breathing out Execrations againſt the falſe and treacherous *Ferdinand*, and filling the Air with the loud Repetitions of *Lucinda*'s Name.

Book III.

CHAP. I.

Of the Adventure that befell the Curate and the Barber in the Black Mountain.

I Should have told you in the Foregoing, that the *Curate* intending a Chapter of Conſolation to *Cardenio*, was prevented by the mournful accents of a voice that ſeemed not to be far off, and following the reſt of the Company with his Noſe, where his Ears led him, behold, of a ſudden, they eſpy'd a young Lad as it were, though indeed it was a Lady in a Country habit, who had hid

hid her Face, and was washing her lilly white Toes in a neighbouring gentle stream, a Spectacle strangely surprizing to the Curate, to see such astonishing Beauties under the disguise of such plain Apparel, and therefore making up to her, accosted her in all the most engaging and affable Terms which he could invent. The Lady at first was mightily surprized, but in the end recollecting her self, and being assured by the *Curate*, and the whole Company, *That it was their Intention to serve her, and not Curiosity, that had made them so importunate to know both her self, and the cause of her sorrows*, in this manner open'd the Coral Gates of her Lips!

Sirs, said she, *It would be then the highest Ingratitude in me, and since you so obligingly desire it, to repay you with the refusal of a lamentable Story, and therefore, if you please, you may thus hear the Rehearsal of my Misfortunes, I was born in a certain City of* Andalusia, *&c.* and so she went on, to gratifie both her self and them with a most succinct and elegant Recital of her past Distresses.

The *Curate*, and the *Barber*, after they had heard her doleful Story, compassionated her mightily, and very handsomly invited her, to go along with them to their House, where they promis'd her they would consult her Remedy, and the most probable way to find out *Don Ferdinand*, whom, by the process of her Story, they found to be the Author of her's, as well as *Cardenio*'s misfortunes, and acquainted her with the design that brought both him and the *Barber* to that place.

As

As the *Curate* was thus complementing and addreſſing himſelf to Mrs. *Dorothy*, *Sancho* was bauling and hollowing after him and the *Barber*, who had thus unexpectedly removed their quarters, who at laſt diſcovering the loſt Sheep, and coming up, gave them an account at large of his Maſter, and the Meſſage he had delivered: But withall adding, *That if his Maſter ſhould lead the life which he did for a month longer, it was impoſſible he ſhould ever come to be Emperor, becauſe death muſt needs ſeize him, and put a ſtop to his preferment.*

Puh! puh! ſays the *Curate*, *I'll warrant you perſuade him:* And ſo turning to *Cardenio*, and Mrs. *Dorothy*, informed them of their whole deſign.

Now Mrs. *Dorothy* who was as arch as the beſt, and had comforted her ſelf again with hopes of a Ladyſhip, in a Frolick undertook to act the part for the *Barber* of the diſtreſſed Lady, being of all ſides acknowledged not only for her Sex, but alſo in all other reſpects to be very fit for the buſineſs. Mrs. *Dorothy* therefore (all agreeing) opens her pack, and in a trice ſo bedecked her ſelf, you would wonder, and indeed it was the wonder of the whole Company. But for *Sancho*, he almoſt gazed his two Eyes out with looking on her, and was mighty inquiſitive to know who ſhe was.

Make no Enquiries Sancho, quoth the *Curate*, *this Lady, you muſt know, dropt out of the Clouds about a quarter of an hour ago, and is no leſs than the Princeſs* Micomicona, *Heireſs, in a direct Line, to the vaſt Kingdom of* Micomicon; *and is now come to implore your Maſter to aſſiſt her in revenge of an Injury done*

her by a damn'd Son of a Whore Gyant, who, they ſay, is the greateſt Robber in all Guiney.

Happy in ſeeking, but more happy in finding, ſays the *Squire*——*Welcome* Joan Sanders, *welcom—welcom—Now can my Maſter kill but this Monſter, and marry this Lady, we are all made.*

By this Mrs. *Dorothy* was mounted on the Parſon's *Mule*, and the *Barber* retranſmography'd with his falſe Beard to wait upon her, together with the great *Sancho*, but *Cardenio* and the *Curate* reſolved to ſtay behind. Having then jogged on about three quarters of a mile, they ſpy'd the *Don* upon the Rocks, when the officious Mrs. *Dorothy* whipping on her Palfrey, and drawing near to the Invincible; moſt valiant Knight, ſays ſhe, (alighting from her Saddle, and falling upon her knees) *A miſerable Lady, led by the loud Fame of your Atchievements, begs your ſuccor.*

Madam, quoth the *Don, your humble Servant that was not born at* Hogs-Norton, *begs that you would riſe, and deliver your Commands upon more equal terms, and any thing that will not diſſerve my King, my Country,* or Dulcinea, *I grant. And farther* (the *Squire* cloſing up to him, and informing him of the Quality of her perſon) *Madam,* ſays he, *I grant what your Illuſtrious Character commands, and if it be* (as he was farther inſtructed) *only to reſtore you to your juſt and natural Rights, my Honour is engaged, and Heaven and this Arm ſhall, in ſpight of all your Oppoſites, accompliſh it: And therefore* (compleatly caſing himſelf in his Armor) *now,* ſays he, *let us go and ſuccor this Illuſtrious Princeſs.* And at the

ſame

ſame time Mounting, led the Van upon his Prancer.

All this while the two that ſtay'd behind beholding the Scene through the Buſhes, was contriving to joyn Companies, and to Diſguiſe *Cordenio*, that the *Don* might not know him again, to Revenge the thump he had ſome time ſince given him at the Foot of the Mountain, and bethought themſelves of this Expedient; the Curate ſnips off *Cardenios* Beard, and putting him on his Cloak and Caſſock, goes himſelf in his Doublet and Britches, ſo making up to them as they were coming clear of the Mountain.

After many warm and repeated Carelles paſſ betwixt the *Mirror* of *Chivalry*, and the Curate, and ſufficient Cognizance taken of one another, on they all troop'd to the *Inn*, which was about two Leagues off: Now *Cardenio* is not ſpoken of (becauſe he was ſo ſtrangely alter'd, he was not known) I might here recount to you all the Variety of their Diſcourſe, and treatment of one another by the way; but it not being verry material, I paſs it by; let it be ſufficient then to know, that Mrs. *Dorothy* who had Wit, at will, and had always as Fruitful an Invention, and as many pickled lyes in her Mouth, as a King's Bench-Waiter, gave the *Don* ſo Formal an Account of this World in the Moon, to which he was a going to take a Journey, and alſo her late unhappy Diſaſter there, that he would have as ſoon Diſputed the 12 Articles of the Creed, as the truth of what ſhe ſaid, and reſolv'd to follow her to the end of the

World, and never to Abandon her juſt Pretenſions; when they had not been long Parlying, before they found that Providence had provided Relief for poor *Sancho* who (having as was ſaid before loſt his Aſs) had walk'd a foot. Behold the very ſame fellow coming towards them in the Habit of a *Gypſie* upon *Sancho's* Aſs, that had ſo inhumanly Rob'd him of it in the Mountain; who upon Sight of them, betook himſelf to his Heels, and left the Prize. But oh the Rapture, and heart-leaping there was with *Sancho*, who running and embracing his Beaſt with all the kindneſs in the World, *Oh my Darling, my Treaſure, ſays he, more welcom than the Lovers Nuptial Night!* Art thou come to Town again, have I once more regain'd thee, bleſt Beaſt of my Affections, *&c.* All this while the Curate and *Mrs. Dorothy*, & the reſt of the Company was engaged in diſcourſe of another Nature.

Now after they had a little refreſh'd their Bodies with Corporal Food, and by a Fountain ſide, Banquetted upon the ſmall Com'ons the Curate had brought with him from the Inn; they Mounted their Beaſts of Carriage, and the next day arrived at the Inn, where the Innkeeper preſently came out to meet them with great Demonſtrations of Joy: Nor was the Knight behind-hand with his Civility, only calling to mind it was the ſame Inn, in which he had been before ſo ill accommodated, deſired they would help him to ſomething a better Bed than he lay on before; which done, (tho I think they deſired him likewiſe to pay better too) he threw himſelf upon it, as weary as a Fox-

Fox-Dog, with Toils and Labours of his own Folly, and fell presently a Snoring like a West-Country Carryer, while the rest of the Company fell on upon a good handsom Dinner, which the Curate it seems had ordered to be got ready.

Chap. II. *Of what hapned in the Inn.*

NO sooner was they almost sat to Dinner, but the Champion whom they had left to his Repose, was Dreaming that he was arriv'd at *Micomicon*, and Rib-roasting the Princesses's Enemy strikeing and Clashing his Sword against the Wall, as if he had been hewing down the side of the House, and Vowing nothing but Massacre and Destruction: When by Misfortune, the Monster-Murthering Blows and Batteries fell upon no other than a few poor innocent Casks of Red Wine, which he so disimboweld, that you would have sworn the Room would have carry'd an ordinary Wherry; and which he concluded he had bestow'd upon *Pandafilando*, (such was the Name of the Gyant) which alarmed up all the Company into the Field of Battle. 'Tis needless here to describe you that Formidable Equipage in which they found the Champion, and the Extravagant passions the Frantick Squire was Transported into, because he could not find the Head of the Gyant, which he swore he saw drop off with both his Eyes. The Vintner's Rage at what was done; the Hero's (as he thought) Accomplishment of his Adventure,

and Congratulating the Princeſs; All which, you will eaſily believe was a ſufficient Scene of Mirth; but know in the end, the Curate and the Barber made a ſhift to pacifie the Innkeeper, who would feign have been Anatomizing *Don Quixot* for the Slaughter of his *Boracho's*, and perſwaded the *Invincible* to go to Bed; where he lay with all the Satisfaction that ever Mortal had, that had Vanquiſh'd his Adverſary: In the mean time came four Maſqueraders, with a Lady they had with them thundering into the Inn, who after all the Formality of their Reception from Mrs. *Dorothy*, and the reſt of the good Company, who could be wanting in nothing that was Civil, who do you think they were? Why, even *Don Ferdinand* and *Lucinda* with their Attendance, who came by accident to this Inn, little thinking certainly to meet there *Cardenio* and Mrs. *Dorothy*. But as it fell out, this *Don Ferdinand* was the Perſon who as before was hinted in the Mountain, had ſo highly engag'd himſelf to Mrs. *Dorothy*, whom ſhe had truſted with her Honour, and who had ſo Treacherouſly left her for *Lucinda*; whom, taking his Opportunity, he had violently ſeiz'd and brought to the Inn; *Lucinda*, the True and Faithful *Lucinda*, whom all his threats could never move, or his Allurements extinguiſh the Paſſion ſhe had for her Belov'd *Cardenio*, whom you have read Deſpair and Frenzy, had ſo miſerably tortur'd in the Mountain. I will not entertain you here with the ſeveral and long Expoſtulations betwixt Mrs. *Dorothy* and *Don Ferdinand*, whom ſhe reduced

ced to a ſenſe of Honour and Gratitude by her Admonitions, nor the various endearing and melting Expreſſions of Love, Joy and Wonder betwixt the two other Lovers, but haſte to the Succeſs of the meeting, which was this, *Don Ferdinand* acknowledges and embraces again his almoſt forgotten Object of Matrimony Mrs. *Dorothy*, and the thrice happy *Cardenio*, enjoy's his Incomparable *Lucinda*; the ſudden Accumulations of whoſe Joy, oblig'd them all to Diſplay the moſt Ample Teſtimonials of their Satisfaction.

The Renown'd *Cid Hamet Benengely*, upon whoſe Authority the truth of this Real Hiſtory ſo much depends, has ſtuffed almoſt every page here with his freſh Adventures in the Inn; but we, for the ſake of Brevity, will paſs to his two laſt, which are indeed very Remarkable, thus.

All now was huſh, *Don Quixot* Dormant, and not a Wheeſle ſtirring in the Inn, when as ill luck would have it by the Devil's bringing the *Barber*, from whom *Don Quixot* had ſtoln the Baſon which he call'd *Mambrino's* Helmet, came into the Inn, and demanded Reſtoration both of that and the Packſaddle which they had gotten from him; who with the Buſtle between him and the Squire, Rouzed the Sleepy *Don*, who underſtanding that that Son of Infamy, not only demanded back his Helmet, but challenged the prize of his Victory, under the Name of Baſin, was ſo irritated, that he cauſed it to be produced before the Company, maintaining that unleſs the Devil work'd altogether by Inchantment (which he aſcribed all croſs

Occurrences in Knight-Errantry to) they muſt needs diſcern it to be a Helmet, notwithſtanding what that Mahometan of a Barber ſo impudently and ignorantly ſaid, and ly'd in his Throat; this Conteſt prov'd very much for the Diverſion of the Company; and in ſhort, the Debate grew ſo high, that it came to the Deciſion of the Lance, with which the Incenſed Hero made ſo a diſmal a Blow at his Pate, that had not he skipped for his Life, he had layed him ſprawling at his Feet; Dreadful, and *Chaos* like was the Confuſion betwixt theſe two Warriers and their Aſſiſtance of each ſide. *Don Ferdinand* and *Cardenio* were by this time too engaged, likewiſe ſeveral Bums and Bailiffs that came to aſſiſt the Barber, *Sancho* mauls for his Maſter, the Hoſteſs and her Daughter ſquealed, and the Ladies Tremble and Quiver: Till at laſt the Riot ceaſed, *Don Quixot* got the better, the Pack-ſaddle continued to be a War-Saddle, and the Baſin an Helmet; and the *Don* uncontroulably believed the *Inn* a Caſtle: But this dreadful ſtructure of Contention and Diviſion ruined, the Devil reſolved to try another trick, which occaſioned the ſecond Adventure as follows.

One of theſe Bums who had been thraſhed amongſt the reſt, had procured and began to ſerve a *Chief Juſtices Warrant* upon *Don Quixot*, for a Reſcue of certain of the King's Priſoners that were Condemned to the Gallies, by which action he was Obnoxious to, and ought to ſuffer the Law, ſo that here was the Devil and all to do again, and ſuch a hideous Confuſion, that you would have thought

thought the Devil in Hell had been broke loose; And though the *Knight* who thought himself no game for Justice to Hawk at, was very liberal of his Bastinadoes, had not the Curate made an Accomodation betwixt them, and pleaded hard *Don Quixot's* Infirmity, and want of Wit, they had infallibly hurry'd him away to an Iron Cage.

Now then the *Don* free from all Quarrels, directed his thoughts wholly to the Accomplishment of the Great Adventure he had undertaken for the Princess, who still carry'd on the Design, notwithstanding her Reconciliation to *Don Ferdinand*, and so accomodates her self to the Humour of the *Knight*, that he did not discover the Intreague, and therefore most Noble and Illustrious Lady, says he, Addressing himself to her, *Delays breeds Dangers*: And in the Name of all the twelve *Cesars*, let us lose no more time, but go where Honour calls us. Upon which the Princess humbly acknowledging his Favour, still composed her Answer, that she might Gratifie his Humour; but the Curate and the Barber perceiving she had another game to play, apply'd themselves to another, method of getting *Don Quixot* to his House, as you shall hear in the next Chapter.

Chap. III. *Of the Stratagem of the* Curate *and* Barber *to get* Don Quixot *to his House, with several remarkable Occurrences.*

TWO whole days had this Company spent in the Inn, and therefore deeming it now high time to depart, consulted which way to get *Don Quixot* home, without giving *Don Ferdinand*, and Madam *Dorothy* the Trouble to ride out of their way, at last they concluded to carry him home like an *Essex* Calf in a Wagon, and thus they contrived this design: They first agreed with a Wagoner, and then making a large wooden Cage, such as a Man might sit in, *Don Ferdinand*, *Cardenio*, the Innkeeper, Bayliffs, *&c.* by the *Curate's* direction, *Don Quixot* being gone to rest, and little dreaming of the Trap, entered his Room like so many Goblins, and swadled him up Hand and Foot in a Blanket, just as you have seen a Corps in a Crape Shroud upon a Sign, which so confounded his imagination when he waked, that he concluded, as he used to do upon all occasions, that he was under Inchantment, and so lay pretty patiently, whilst they nailed and fastned his *Squire* to a convenient movable. Thus taking him up upon their shoulders, and securing the *Don* in his wooden Cage, they heaved both by main Force up into the Wagon, and fixed them amongst the rest of the Lumber, and all the Company taking leave one of another, every Man parted his own way, the reckoning was discharged, and the *Ass* and

Rosi-

Roſinante (to whoſe Saddle Pannel the Baſin and Target was faſt tyed) were led by the Wagon, attended by the *Bayliffs*, and the *Curate*, and the *Barber* in diſguiſes. And thus the illuſtrious Train jogged on, till they came to a Valley, where they were overtaken by ſix or ſeven perſons well mounted, the chief of which, by the reſpect was paid him, ſeemed at leaſt to be a Prebend of ſome Cathedral, who ſeeing all this to do, and ſeeing a poor Gentleman locked up in a Cage, like ſome *Canary* Bird of *Newgate*, was mighty inquiſitive to know the meaning of it, believing that it muſt needs (becauſe of the Sheriff's Officers) be ſome Rogue a carrying to Gaol, which cauſed the *Curate* to recount to him all the whole myſtery from beginning to end, the Knight's manner of living, the cauſe of all his extravagant Dotages, and how they were getting him home, to ſee if his Diſtemper could admit of Cure, which by that time he had done, and the Prebend had made ſome judicious Animadverſions upon *Knight Errantry* and *Romances* in general, they came to a lovely Valley where they repoſed, and the Wagoner refreſhed his Oxen with a cool Sallad of green Graſs, the pleaſantneſs of which, and diverſion of the *Curate's* Diſcourſe, tempted the Prebend to alight, and to cauſe a Mule of his which was gone before with Proviſions, to be ſent for back, that he might oblige the *Curate* and the reſt of the Company with ſome ſmall repaſt.

All this while *Sancho*, whom I ſhould have told you as being the leſs dangerous Beaſt of the two, they

they had by this time indulged so far as to let him ride by the Wagon upon the Ass, leading *Rosinante* by the Bridle, had a months mind to be discovering the Plot to his Master, and that all this was but a contrivance of the *Curate* and *Barber*, to carry him away thus in a *Cage Errant* to his House, to prevent him of the Fame and Renown of those mighty and laudable Atchievements he should perform, and so coming up as close as he could to the *Cage*, begun to tell him what he knew, though to very little purpose to one whose understanding was so intoxicated, as to possess him of an unmoveable belief, *That some Magicians had done all this, and that he could not be so intrailed by any Power that was less than the Devils.* In short, he was in such a Labyrinth, that no Argument or Clue of *Sancho*'s could disintreague him: But however thus far consented to *Sancho*'s Importunity, *That he might ask the Devils for their Padlock for a little while, that he might just come out to stretch his Legs, and do what at this time he was most vehemently urged to by the motions of Nature, that is, to do what no body could do for him.* Which the *Squire* accordingly did, and succeeded so well, that the *Curate*, and the rest of his Company (the *Don* swearing not to stir beyond those Limits they should prescribe him) let him out of his *Cage*; the first thing he did was to stretch himself, and then giving *Rosinante* a good clap or two of the Buttocks, *Flower of Steed's Errant*, says he, *maugre all these Misfortunes, I question not but I shall see thee prancing again under thy Lord and Master, while*

whilst mounted on thy sturdy Chine, he shall perform Atchievements that shall eccho through the world.

This said, they withdrew to a Thicket, he and his *Squire*, and came back again much sweeter and lighter than they went thither; and so joining the Company, they all took their places upon the green Grass; at which time the compassionate Churchman pitying the unfortunate Knight, whose reason he understood and perceived was so wonderfully unhors'd, and his understanding so miserably depos'd by so impertinent a study as that of *Knight-Errantry*, began at large to expostulate with him upon that Subject, and to try whether all his Reason and Eloquence could reclaim him from the influence of so confused and *Babel* a heap of Trash and Extravagance which had thus constrained his Friends to secure him in a *Cage*, and carry him about the Country like some *African* Monster, to be shewn at some Market Towns for 6 *d.* apiece. But while the *Prebend* was thus addressing himself to *Don Quixot*, and admiring the strange and deep impressions made upon his Fancy, the Servants return with the Provisions and Mule, and spreading a Carpet under the shade of certain Trees, they all sat down like Turks, and fell on like Christians. They had not done this long, before they see a most beautiful Spectacle, a Goat dancing out of a Neighbouring Thicket; they beheld it also pursued by a Goatherd, expostulating with the dumb Creature at such a pretty flattering rate, that it was extremely pleasing to the Company, whilst the wanton Fugitive, unwilling

to be taken, ran directly to the *Prebend*; with that the *Prebend* desired the Countryman not to be too hasty in carrying her away, but to tell them the meaning of that manner of Courtship of his to a Goat, as if it had been that rational one that is said to have given *Jupiter* suck. Upon which the *Goatherd* stroaking his Beloved upon the back, thus began:

Gentlemen, says he, *amongst the numerous Pretenders to a fair and beautiful Damsel of a Village about three Leagues from hence, I was one, she was about 16 years of age, discreet and modest, beyond Compare, the Daughter of a wealthy Farmer, a matchless Master-piece of Nature, when there was a hopeful Lad that was my Rival in the same Town that was handsom, and upon the level with me in all things, who made his applications to her at the same time; when the bright* Leandra *also, such was her name, being not as yet of years ripe enough to marry, her Father still put us off from time to time; my Rival's name, Gentlemen, was* Anselm, *and mine is* Eugenio. *Now to be brief, while we were thus kept in a dilatory suspence, comes a certain young Swash Buckler in the habit of a Soldier, that filled her Ears with Relations of pretended famous Atchievements in almost all parts of the world, and boastings of qualities beyond the rest of Mankind, which* Guisman *and* Bragadosio *Gentlemen did the more fair than wise* Leandra, *beholding him from a window, fall in love with. Nay, so desperately was she wounded by this Son of Ostentation, that the time appointed, the precious* Map of Modesty *makes up her Pardle, takes*

up one of her Father's best Geldings, and troops away with him I know not whither. This, Gentlemen, has made me retire into this Valley, where I feed a Herd of Beast, it is true, as wanton as Women, but far more easy to be ruled, and is the sole reason of those words I talked to my Goat being a Female, when I follow'd her. I know not whether my Story may have answer'd your Expectation; but supposing I may obtain the Honour, I will endeavor to supply its defects by a small Country Collation of Cheese, Milk and Fruits in my Cottage here hard by, if you will vouchsafe to accompany me thither. Which they all consented to.

Chap. IV. *Containing the Quarrel betwixt* Don Quixot, *and the* Goatherd; *and the rare Adventure of the Penitents, which cost him the sweat of his Brows to accomplish.*

THE Ribroaster of Gyants, and Invincible in Battel, was very liberal, above the rest of the Company, in conning the *Goatherd* Thanks, and did it in such a *Bombast* and *Romantick* way, That the *Goatherd* viewing of him from head to Foot, and not finding any thing in him correspondent to it, he began to enquire of the *Barber* who sat next him, *Who he was that talked so extravagantly, not remembring*, he said, *that he ever saw so strange a Creature in his life, and that he should have taken him for some Skimer-skull'd sort of a Fellow.*

You damned insolent Son of a Bawd, says *Don Quixot* (over-hearing him) *I have more Brains*

in me than all thy Bitch-whelped Generation. And ſo ſaying, took up a Loaf that was upon the Table, (for they were now all at the *Goatherds*) and threw it with that malicious Fury at his Head, that he almoſt levelled his Noſe with his Face, and the *Goatherd* not underſtanding ſuch kind of Court-ſhip, flew upon *Don Quixot*, and had throtled him, without mercy, had not *Sancho* taken him by the ſhoulders, and pulled him back. But *Don Quixot* not ſatisfied with it, the *Don* finding himſelf free, threw himſelf again upon the *Goatherd*, like ſome *Loathbury* Brazier, till ſo wretchedly bemoyled were their Faces with Blood and Duſt, that you would have ſworn they had put on their Vizard-masks on purpoſe to hide their own handy works.

Now while the two Combatants were battering one another with this unſpeakable Antipathy, they were alarmed by the ſound of a Trumpet, ſo ſad and doleful, that it enforc'd their Ears to a more than ordinary Attention, and cauſed a Truce immediately to be made betwixt the two Combatants. At which time *Don Quixot* getting out upon his Legs, and ſhaking his Limbs a little, who ſhould he ſpy, but ſeveral people clad in white coming down the ſide of the Hill, which was only a Proceſſion of Penitents to an Hermitage at the Foot of the Mountain, *to implore*, it ſeems, *the mercy of Heaven, becauſe they had no rain fallen that ſeaſon.* But *Don Quixot* took them to be Devils in Maſquerade; and what confirmed him, was not only the ſtrange Habiliments he beheld them in, but

but an Image of the Bleſſed Virgin alſo which they carried before them in mourning, which he took to be ſome Princeſs which the Miſcreants had raviſh'd away by Force, and were hurrying to ſome diſmal Caſtle. Full of ſuch Imaginations, mounting *Roſinante*, and buckling on his Armor, having wiped his mouth, and made a fair Speech to the Company, clap'd Spurs to *Roſinante*, and rode directly up towards the *Penitents*, as if *Beelzebub* himſelf poſſeſs'd him, notwithſtanding all endeavors to reſtrain him, and *Sancho*'s yauling inceſſantly after him.

So ſtopping *Roſinante* within 20 paces of the Proceſſion, *Rake-Hells, under thoſe Sacred Veſtments* ſays he, *releaſe that Fair Lady, whoſe diſconſolate Looks ſufficiently teſtifie that you have done her wrong, and are hauling her away there againſt her will:* And ſo made directly up with his Sword drawn towards the Image, when one of the Company perceiving the *Don*, was no wiſer than his Father begot him, taking up a Fork that uſed to ſuſtain the Pageant when it reſted in any place, went to meet him. The Champion, it's true, ſlit it in two pieces at the firſt blow, but however with the one half that remained, the ſtout Opponent gave him ſuch an Admonition upon the ſhoulders, that he fetched him from his Steed to the ground, where he lay as motionleſs as the Image he would have delivered. At what time the Countryman ſeeing of it, tucked up his Gown, being one of the *Penitents*, and ran as if the Conſtable and all the Watch had been at his heels, verily believing he had mur-

dered him. As for *Sancho*, he ran indeed to succor his Master, but all in vain, the fatal Blow was given, so that he thought he had nothing to do, but to howl out his Funeral Oration over his Body, which he did, stretching himself over him after this manner:

Bright Flower of Chivalry, quoth he, *by ignominious Cudgel thus laid low, a Sacrifice to damned Sextons wrath, liberal above thousands, humble to the proud, and lofty to the humble; that frightedst every one, of all afraid, tame Sufferer of Wrongs, Lover of Shadows, Scourge of Oppressors, and in a word a* Knight-Errant: *Farewel Eternal Honour of thy Race.*

Thus was the *Squire* all in Tears, making his Master's Funeral Oration, at the coming up of the *Prebend*; who hapning to be known to the *Curate* of the *Procession*, made up matters again very well; and the rest of the Company making up to see whether *Don Quixot* was within Cure, they perceived the loud moans of *Sancho* had fetched him a little to life; but not, I beg your pardon, to any condition to bestride his *Rosinante*, for he was broken into as many pieces as any Bisket in a Tavern; but to that dying condition, that not being able to do that, he admitted himself to be once more mounted into his Inchanted Chariot, that he might either die in his own Village, or being there, weary out the malicious influences of his Stars, and at leisure bethink himself of some other Adventure that would redound more to his honour and profit; so that now the almost dismembred

membred Knight being laid again at his eaſe in his Cage, with a Bottle of Hay ſtrew'd under his bones, and the Wagoner driving on according to the *Curate's* directions, the *Proceſſion* went on in good order, the *Goatherd* retired, the *Prebend* took his leave, and the *Bayliffs* were paid and diſmiſs'd. After the end of ſix days, according to the pace of thoſe ſlow Animals, arrived *Don Quixot* at his Village and own Habitation, where after his Neice and his Maid had ſufficiently water'd their blubber'd Cheeks with the ſalt Rheum that flowed from their Eyes, at his manner of coming home, and all the wild and miſerable effects of his Folly, they undreſt him, and got him to Bed, with millions of Maledictions upon thoſe fabulous Stories that had betray'd him to this condition. But oh! the Greetings between *Sancho* and his Wife *Tereſa*! his amuſing of her with Proverbs; the hopes of being a Counteſs, and enjoying of Iſlands, it would certainly have made one ſplit more ſides than one if one had 'em: But becauſe you may give a ſhrewd gueſs at all this, by what you have already heard of the pleaſant humor and gibbriſh of the *Squire*. I ſhall here pretermit, and proceed to tell you that the Kinſwoman and Governeſs apply'd themſelves with all the diligence they could by the *Curate's* Order, to keep the good Gentleman their Maſter from making another Eſcape, which not long after fell out.

The End of the Firſt Part.

Part II. Book I.

CHAP. I.

Concerning Don Quixots *third Departure from his House, with other things both worthy to be known, and fit to be related.*

ALL this while *Don Quixot*'s Brains was so amus'd and adled, that he had not discovered that he was thus brought home by the Curate and the Barber, but believ'd that it was by some Damn'd Inchanters, that ow'd him a Spleen, and envy'd his Bravery, however they was fearful yet of making a Visit (though they gave daily charges to the Maid and Neice to be careful of their Nursery) but at about a Months end they did, and found themselves receiv'd by him, as by a Man both Civil and Rational, and Entertained with apt and pleasant Discourses, till they began to talk of Knight-Errantry, and then he began to rave, so miserably was he intoxicated and confounded by legends of that Nature, that they took their leaves of him, despairing of his Cure, and expecting that he would soon leave them in the lurch for another fegary, which soon after fell out, at what time Squire *Cuccow Brains Sancho* entred into the Room, betwixt whom

whom and his Maſter paſſed a great deal of ſtuff, which I muſt here pretermit, only telling you that while they was talking together like Men, plunged over Head and Ears in Whymns and fancies, came in one *Corraſco*, a Notable fellow for Colloqueing and Bantring, that cauſed a great deal of Diverſion by falling in with *Don Quixots* humour: For no ſooner did he ſee *Don Quixot*, but down upon his Knees, all the Bleſſings of Paradiſe, My Lord *Don Quixot* ſays he, be upon *Cid Hamett* the Author of the Noble Hiſtory of your Valiant Exploits, which certainly are to be plac'd in the firſt Rank with whatever has been perform'd through the whole extent of the Univerſe, *&c.* But not long had he and the *Don* and *Sancho* chatted together, but they heard *Rozinante Neihie*, which *Don Quixot* took for ſo good an Omen, that he reſolved to take tother Ramble within three or four days at the fartheſt, to which purpoſe he diſcovered his Reſolutions to the young *Coraſco*, deſiring that he would adviſe him which way he ſhould go, which he accordingly did; and notwithſtanding all the Arguments his Governeſs could uſe, perſiſted in his Reſolutions, proteſting ſince Heaven had Decreed him to the Famous Exerciſe of Arms, and endew'd him with ſo Invincible a proweſs, ſhould he conſent not to make it known, it would be to the endelible Scandal of his Order, which Heav'n had ordained for the general good of Mankind, and that he ſhould Act againſt his Conſcience. And now all things being in readineſs, and *Sancho* having taken leave of them, and

ſmug-

smugled his Wife *Teresa*, the two Hero's set forward in the dead time of the Night, unknown to any living Soul, but to *Corasco*: Who must needs accompany them half a League upon the way, which done, and embracing, they took their leaves, the Scholar returned back to the Village, and the Knight continued his Journey to the Famous Citty of *Toboso*, and now expect a second part of the Matchless Atchievements, and Surprizing Adventures of the Famous Baron of *Mancha*.

Chap. II. *What befel the* Don, *as he was going to Visit his Mistress* Dulcinea *with* Sancho's *way to Enchant her, with other passages no less certain, then ridiculous.*

NO sooner was they parted, but the Knight and the Squire set forward in the first place for *Toboso*, to Visit the Incomparable *Dulcinea*, and to take their leaves of her, they being assured after that, to be successful in all their Enterprizes: And that what time soever the Beams of her Beauty should shine upon their Eyes, they should from thenceforth comence the most Prudent and Valianteſt of Men; So much would it enlighen their Understandings, and fortifie their Courage: Much was their Discourse by the way, and this whole Night and the next Day did they spend, without Encountering any occasion to signalize their Vertues; but at length towards Evening, the next day they discover'd the Famous City of *Toboso*: Upon which our Champion's Eyes ran over

with

with Joy, but *Sancho* on the other side, became very sorrowful, because he knew neither where *Dulcinea* liv'd, nor had he ever seen her in all his Life, and therefore knew not how to come off with any Credit with his Master; In short, *Don Quixot* notwithstanding the heat of his Desires, would not make his entrance in the Day-time, but stay'd till Night, for the more Solemnity of the Business, about the midst of which, *Sancho* descended from a little Hillock in the Town, where there was no body stirring in the Streets, but all was in a profound silence, only the Dogs kept a filthy Noise, and welcomed them with their Acclamations into the Town, and Cats were at theirould Musick upon the Tyles; The Confusion of these Discords fill'd the pate of the Champion with no small number of inauspicious Conundrums. Yet on they rid; when of a suddain Quoth *Don Quixot*, methinks I have a glimering in my Eyes of something Large and Spacious, it is a Structure too, and am perswaded must needs be the Palace, with which riding on a matter of 200 Paces, he arrived just under the Steeple of the Parish Church. By my Dignity Quoth *Don Quixot*, I am afraid we are in a mistake here, and I doubt such a one as do's not bode well, for I'le be hang'd if we meet with any good luck this Night.

In the mist of these Quandaries and Disappointments, they heard a Man who was coming towards them with a couple of Horses ty'd to a Plow, and the Plow-Boy being come pretty near, after he had given him the Good-morrow, Friend Quoth

Quoth *Don Quixot*, which is the *Princeſs Dulcinea*'s Palace? Sir, ſays the Boy, I am a ſtranger in the Town, but if you go to ſuch a place, there lives the *Curate* and the *Clerk*, who are the likelyeſt perſons in the Pariſh to tell you, and this ſaying, he whiſtled to his Horſes, and went on.

Well Sir, Quoth *Sancho*, who all this while ſat upon Thorns, for fear his Maſter ſhould find out the trick that he put upon him in Counterfeiting his Anſwer from *Dulcinea*, whom he knew no more than the Great *Turk*, and had never ſeen nor heard any thing of in all his Life, but from his Maſter, then take my Advice: It is not handſom you know, to viſit Ladies ſo unſeaſonably, let us therefore either reſolve to betake our ſelves to ſome good Houſe, whoſe trade it is to be diſturb'd in their Sleeps, or elſe to ſome Wood without the Village where the Sun riſing, you may ſit and pick ſtrawberries, while I return and enquire from Houſe to Houſe where this Palace is, wherein your Miſtreſs lives; and finding of her, deliver what Embaſſy you ſhall think fit to that Queen of Beauty, which advice of *Sancho*'s, *Don Quixot* approving of, he retired himſelf into a Cheſs-Nut Grove, not far from the Village, and waited the effects of *Sancho*'s Negotiation, whom he ordered not to return till ſuch time as he had both ſeen his Lady, and obtain'd her leave that her Beauties Captive might kiſs her Hands; Upon which *Sancho* quickly ſhew'd his Maſter his back parts, and ſwitching his *Grizel*, made all the haſt he could towards the Town, only he was a little tormented

ted in his Brains, to think how he ſhould ſatisfie ſo extravagant a a Fancy as that of his Maſters, and how he ſhould ſucceed in his ſearch of the Princeſs; and therefore as ſoon as he got out of the Wood, began thus to Dialogue with himſelf. Why *Sancho*, *what firſt of April* Errent art thou upon? What in ſearch of *Joan Wackum* in *London*, or a *Needle in a Bottle of Hay*? What art doing beſides, ſays he, doſt not know thy Maſters Mad? and that this Employment thou art upon, does certainly come from the Devil, who has a mind to have thy Bones powd'red tender for his Supper, and that thy Maſter being ſo mad and deceptible, it will be eaſy to make him believe that the firſt Country Girl thou meeteſt, is the true and only *Dulcinea*, for ſhould he happen to be an uubeliever, it is but telling him, and ſwearing to it, ſome Curſed Inchanter or other has Tranſmogrify'd the Matchleſs Paragan into that *Doll Comon*, on purpoſe to deſpite him, and thou comeſt off as pat as thou wouldſt wiſh; this Contrivance reſtored peace to *Sancho*'s thoughts, and he reſolved to go on with it, and therefore ſtaying till the Evening, the more to amuſe his Maſter, he ſpy'd three Country Wenches upon three Colts, directing their courſe to the place in which he lay, (who I ſhould have told you was now ſit loling at the Foot of the Tree, by the ſide of the Grove,) all dreſſed in their Holy-day Habbits, ſo that away rod he back to his Maſter, to tell him the news of *Dulcineas* Approach with her two Damſels: Moſt Noble Maſter, ſays he, may this day

be written in Characters fairer than *this Indenture*, and more welcom than St. *Johns* and St. *Michaels* to the wanting Landlord; 'tis but trotting, says he, some two Bows Shoots into the Field, and you behold the Princess with her Maids of Honour, glittering like so many Ingots of Gold, and Marching towards the Grove, *&c.* In brief, so Rapturing a Character did the pickled Squire give of both them and their Steeds, and so ram'd it down with Oaths into his Masters Intellectuals, that he soon got him out to behold the promised Paradise, and obtained the plentiful reward for his Intelligence. Which was no less than the Colts of Mayres, ready to Foal at that time upon the *Town Common*——Body of *Cesar* quoth *Don Quixot*, when he was out, and casting his Eyes about him, I discern nothing but three Tatterdemallions upon three ragged Colts: Deliver me from the Devil quoth *Sancho*, what a Winter-Fogg have you before your Eyes? Cuds Nigs Master, the *Nags* are as white as Snow, and the Beauties they ride on enough to Ravish a *Mahometan*, why I think the mans betatled, says he, and so kicking with both Heels, he hasted up to the Wenches, and lighting, and falling down before the first: *Vouchsafe mighty Queen of Beauty, says he, to cast an Eye of Favour upon your Knight*, The Slave yonder, whom your Illustrious Presence has petrify'd into Marble, remembring it is no less than the Knight of *Mancho*, and his Squire *Sancho Pancha* that implore you: After which the Champion joyn'd the Princess and her Damsels

with

with the ſame Devotion; unto whom the boldeſt of them, ſurprized to ſee themſelves ſtopped after this manner upon the Road, briskly reply'd: Gentlemen about your Buſineſs, for we have Hogs to ſerve, Kine to milk, and Dames that expect us home; We ſhall make bold to give you a *Rowland* for your *Oliver* elſe——No, No, you are in the wrong Box y' ſackins, we are not for your turn, *&c.*

Oh! thou living Son of Human Beauty, quoth *Don Quixot*, and only remedy of thy Adorer! Maſterpiece of Heaven, whom a Villanous Inchanter repreſents to my Eyes alone, under the ugly Diſguiſe of Deformity, one Glance of Pitty and Affection: But not regarding him, marry gap, Mr. Smell Smock quoth the Wench, with your *Lyricum Fancies*, what's all this for? And tickling her Colt, away ſhe flew, as faſt as the Tit would carry, *Sancho* in the mean time not a little pleaſed to ſee his Stratagem take ſo well with his Maſter: Who all this while verily believed that ſome Scoundrels of Enchanters, had transformed his Matchleſs *Dulcinea* as he call'd her into this Deformed Puzle, and that they were the ſole cauſe he did not behold her in native luſtre; when after ſeveral Diſcourſes paſſed betwixt the Credulous *Hero* and his Squire, who was ready to ſplit his ſides, to think what an Artificial Cheat he had put upon his Maſter, they remounted again, and took the ready way to *Sarragoſa*, whither the Scholar *Chorâſco* had directed them.

Chap.

Chap. III. *Containing the Prodigious Adventures of the Charriot of the Officers of Death, with the strange Adventure that befel the Valiant* Don Quixot, *with the Galliant Knight of the Wood.*

BUt tho the *Don* is a Horseback, yet so dozed and overwhelm'd is he with Melancholy, to see himself so despightfully fooled by *Necromancers*, and his Eyes so dimn'd and basi'd by Inchantment, that his Senses quite forsook him. And all the Proverbial saying's, and good Admonitions of *Sancho*, could not reclaim him from Inveighing against, and cursing the *Hell-Hound* that had depriv'd him of his Felicity.

When while he was thus rayling, behold a *Cart* like a *Hay-Cart* carrying of People in strange sort of Habits upon the Road, which were only it seems a Company of poor *Comedians* that had been Acting a Trajedy that day, below a Neighbering Hall, and were going to play the same over again in a Village hard by, ready dress'd in their several Disquises: One of Death, the other of an Angel, the other of an Emperour, and the other of a Knight Cap-a-pe, in all the Accoutrements of War; and so every one according to the part they Represented, amongst whom the Carter himself is said to be such a *Hobthrush*, that he would have scar'd a hundred *Knights*: But the undaunted *Don Quixot* discovered all this, with the most imaginable marks of Joy in his Eyes, not doubting but it would

would be his Fortune now to perform Miracles in a more than ordinary Adventure; therefore posting himself before the *Cart*, Caitiff says he, to the *Driver*, whoever thou be, both tell me, and whether thou art a carrying these seeming Inhabitants of another World, *&c.* Upon which the Carter told him very calmly, and gratify'd him not only with an account of the Projects, but also with a particular Description of all the Actors, truly honest Friend says *Don Quixot*, when I first saw this *Tumbrel*, I thought it had been otherways; but if it be as thou Describest, then pass on in Peace.

No sooner were the words out of his Mouth, but came up he that was to Act the the *Fool*, who it seems had stay'd a little behind the rest, who no sooner espy'd *Don Quixot*, but he fell a leaping and skipping after such an Antick manner, and made such a ratling with the Bells which he had about his wast, that *Rozinante* with all his patience, was almost scared out of his wits, and getting the Curb fast betwixt his Teeth, away went he in spight of his Rider, and ran with that Speed, as if the Devil had sent post for his Master; and making a false step by the way before *Sancho*, who alighted and follow'd his Master could overtake him, they came both to the Ground; at what time the *Knave of a Fool* would feign have been tampering with *Sancho*'s Ass, had not the skit shew'd him a slippery trick, and skidded after her Master as fast as she could. But *Don Quixot* after by the Assistance of his Squire, was fix'd again in his

Saddle, and had sufficiently Chastiz'd his Insolence, had not Good *Sancho*, Discreet *Sancho*, Christian *Sancho* otherways perswaded him to the Prosecution of more Important Adventures, who it is, *Cid Hamets* Opinion deserves to to be Eterniz'd in History for so Pious and Glorious an Action.

At Night they Reposed their weary Limbs and made a short Supper upon such Provisions as *Sancho's* new Wallet afforded, discoursing after their usual manner; away the greatest part of the Night, as the most laudable part of which you shall take, that upon Comedies and Comedians: *They are* saith the Don, *of no small use in a Common-Wealth, as being the Looking-Glasses in which we truly Discern the Beauties and Deformities of Vertue and Vice, and all the Actions of Human Life, and from whose lively Representations we may make the most profitable Deduction, for the Shaping and Modeling our Conversations; Where is Man more exactly delineated, than upon the Stage?* From which as he to his Original, that common Mother the Earth; each Actor when the Play is done, stript of all the Distinguishing marks of his Character, returns to his own proper Figures. In these and such like Discourses, wherein *Sancho's* conceits also were very pat, they spent their hours, till the Squire unh altering *Grizle*, that she might fill her Belly with what she could find, and doing the same to *Rozinante*, let fall the Portcullices of his Eyes, and went to sleep while the two Matchless Brutes fed very friendly together; And Don *Quixot* leaning his head upon a small stump of a Tree, fetched a short Nap.

But

But behold him quickly after wakned by a ſudden noiſe, that makes him ſpring up like ſome Patridge from his haunt, upon which Liſs'ning, he heard a ruſhing as it were of a Horſe, and a little after, ſome ſtranger entertaining his amorous thoughts with a Songue, before which ſome ſay the *Knight* firſt fetched a ſigh, that would have blown up the Roof of an ordinary Cathedral: And then it was with a mournful voice he expoſtulated with his Ungrateful Fair, of whoſe Expoſtulations I can give you but what follows, by which he upbraids her with what he had done, Oh! How many notable Atchievements, cruel one ſays he, have I perform'd for thy Dear ſake? And how have I waſted my youths flowre in Truanting about the World! How often has the try'd ſtrength of my Arm Vanquiſh'd Aſperſers of thy Fame, and how often ſays he Laſtly, have I thraſh'd that *Bravo* of *Mancha*, for preferring his *Trugmallion* before thee, moſt High-born *Roſamond* of *Turnbulſtretia*, *&c.* the Mad-Man lyes in his Lungs ſays *Don Quixot*; but however he moderated himſelf ſo well, as to lay be his Reſentments, and diſcovering where he was; and walking over to him, Commiſerated thoſe Misfortunes which he perceived had uſurp'd the Seat of his Mind, he accoſted him as a perſon not inſenſible of his ſufferings.

Chap. IV. *The Continuation and finishing of the Adventure of the Knight of the Wood.*

NOw while the Knights were thus joyn'd, and beginning alternatly to recount the Stories of their Mistrisses, the two Squires were as busy upon another Subject apart by themselves, Relating the manner of their Lives and Employments, and reciting the several Occurrences in their Progresses with their Masters, with some Digressions upon what they hop'd for, for their Services, and in a word, sometimes falling out, and sometimes in, and like good and mody Servants, Representing their Knight-Masters, as so many the most insipid Fools and Coxcombs in Christendom, and so let us leave them, that we may a little look back again upon their Masters.

At this time *Benengely* reports that the *Knight* of the *Wood* was resounding again in the Champyons Ears, the Victory he had gotten over that *Achilles* of the time, *Don Quixot de la Mancha.*

Whilst the *Hero* impatient to hear himself so confidently said to be basted to his face, so much to the prejudice of his Honour and of his *Divinity Dulcinea del Toboso*'s began to lay his hand upon his Sword, and to give him the Lye, and the Son of a Whore; at what time the *Knight of the Wood* made him this careless and negligent answer: Sir, a good Pay-Master says he, scorneth to be in Debt, I have no reason to fear the Threats of your Human

Humane Imbecility——But however, since only Ruffians and Window-breakers fight in the Night: Let us expect the morning to be Witness to our Valour, upon whose Arrival, the Vanquished shall be wholy at the Victors Service, and so *Don Quixot* accepting his conditions, they both arose and order'd their Squires to prepare the next day for the Encounter, and to see that their Tackling was fit for Service.

Poor *Sancho* was in a Fatal dread at hearing of this, and thought he saw himself cleft in halfs like a slit deal already, for you must know when the Masters are Engag'd, it is not for the Squires to be idle, and stand still, and that *Sancho* knew who was in no humour to fight, and thought time would take care enough to dispatch him out of the World.

Now then the little Birds began to chirp their early Salutations to the dawning Light, the Fields were fresh and gay, the VVoods were Merry, and Serenity and Sun-shine laugh'd upon the Earth: But not so laugh'd *Sancho*, for no sooner did day begin to distinguish Objects, but the first thing that offer'd it self to *Sancho*'s Obseavation, was the Squire of the VVoods Nose, which appear'd so monstrous, and Surprising to *Sancho*, that he resolv'd to endure 500 kicks of the britch, rather than Combate with such a *Hobgoblin*.

In the mean time the two Master Combatants began to Mount, and to part from each other, to take Ground for their Career, *Don Quixot* Swear-

ſwearing by all the *Hoſt of Egypt*, that before a Cat could lick her Ear, he would make the *Bravo* ſenſible who it was that have pour'd ſo briskly to have hamſtring'd, while poor frighted *Sancho* took an occaſion to deſire his Maſter to help him up into a Tree, from which, as from a Balcony he might behold the Combate, not daring he ſaid for all the VVorld to truſt himſelf upon the ground with ſuch a Monſter as the Knight of the Woods Squire who for his part, he believ'd to be the *Necromancer* that protected the Knight, this ſaid, by his Maſters Aſſiſtance, he ſcrambled up into the Tree, whilſt the *Knight of the Wood* was ſetting forward with his Courſer, which being as misfortune would have it, but a poor mortify'd Hackney, miſerable ſlow was his pace: But *Don Quixot* not thinking himſelf obliged to take notice of this; according to the Maxim, *It is lawful to take all Advantages in War*, ſurpriz'd him ſo furiouſly with his Lance, and ſent him with ſuch a damnable flownce to the Ground, that his Frail Mortality lay extended at its full length without Senſe or Motion; who no ſooner fell, but *Sancho* who though he could not fight knew how, like a Spaniel, to ſeize the Prey after it was ſhot, came ſpinning down from the Tree, like a Spyder from the top of a VVindow, but alas! The *Don* having unlac'd his Helmet to give him Air who do you think it was? VVhy ev'n his Friend *Coraſcho*, however grown incredulous and believing that this was only a falſe appearance wrought by the Malicious Art of his Enemies the *Negromancers*, he had infallibly pick'd poor

Samſon

Sampsons Teeth, had not the *Knight of the Looking-Glasses* Squire came running and crying h Mercy, and pulling off that hideous Mask of his with that Toting Nose, assur'd him without any Mental Reservation, that it was no other than the *Students Carascho*, who consenting to all *Don Quixots* Propositions of Obedience and Deference he suffer'd him to rise, and to repair to the next Town for Spruce Bear, and *Lucatello's* Balsom for his Bruises, while he and his Squire continu'd their Journey to the City of *Turnaments*, in both whose fancy's the motions of *Sorcery* were yet so strongly imprinted, they could not believe either what they saw with their Eyes, or felt with their Hands.

Chap. V. *Giving an Account who the* Knight of the Looking-Glasses *was*, *with what befel* Don Quixot *with a sober Gentleman of* Mancha, *together with the happy Conclusion of the Adventure of the Lyons.*

MErrily now jog'd on *Don Quixot*, Tryumphing in the Victory he had obtained over a Knight, whom he would by no means allow to be any other than the Valianteſt Knight in the World: And pleasing himself with the Commands he had lay'd upon him, the performance of which he expected a very speedy account of, though contrary to his Expectation, the *Knight of the Looking Glasses* was meditating Revenge, both for the pain he felt in his Bones, and for that unfortunate

miscarriage of his in his Adventure; which had undertaken upon the Curate and Barbers advice, on purpose to reform the poor Gentleman from his freakish distemper; who as the only probable way to recover him, had importun'd this *Sampson* and his Squire after to equip themselves after the manner aforesaid, and taking their opportunity to try if they could thrash his Dublet, and so Vanquishing him in fight, impose their own conditions according to the Laws of *Knight-Errantry*.

But as we said, the *Don* rid on with all the comforts imaginable in his Soul, reasoning himself still more and more into the belief that this was noe *Carascho*, but some other Knight that he had Vanquished in Battle; but the truth will one day come to light.

As he was thus reasoning, they was overtaken by a Gentleman in a Country Habit, upon a Curious Dapple grey Mare, who seemed by his Aspect and Deportment, to be a person of Quality about 50 years of Age, he was in Commission in his Country: And of a Disposition Affable and Courteous, but seeing a Man so strangely Shap'd and Garbated, could not but gaze a little, because they were novelties he had not been accustom'd to; when on a suddain, *Don Quixot* listing up his Eyes, saw a Wagon upon the Road with Flags and Streamers, and bearing the Kings Arms; which believing to be some new Adventure, he call'd to *Sancho* for his Helmet, which I should have told you he hitherto had rod without, and

the

the Squire had fastned to the pumel of his Saddle.

By this time the Wagon drew near with one single Person in it, and the Wagoner himself riding by it upon a sorry scrub Nag, having in it a couple of Lyons in Cages sent by the Governour of *Oran* as a present to the King, the Streamers signifying to whom they belong'd; Immediately *Don Quixot* who was firmly convinc'd that all this story was but an Illusion, and that some Inchanter or other had sent these Lyons only to scare him, posted himself before the Wagon, and in spight of what could be said either by his Squire or the Gentleman——Lyons scare me! says he, perpetual Raggamuffin open these Cages, speaking to the Keeper, or Ile nail thee with this Lance to the Wheel; for my profession is not to fear, but to look danger in the face? For Heavens sake, says the Wagoner, Sir forbear, but however it be, let me take out my poor Horses first, for as I live, I have no other Subsistence but them and my Wagon, and I have no mind at all that they should be entomb'd in the Paunches of a couple of Lyons, though they are the Kings: But in short, there being no hopes at all of any Accomodation betwixt the Lyons and the *Don*, the Wagoner was forc'd to take out his Horses, and the Keeper to comply, after every one had put on, and strove to get as far out of the way as they could, though he first indeed besought the *Don* over and over, that he might not be constrained to let out those terrible Animals upon him, and perswaded him

not to expose himself to unnecessary ruine, and took what time he could to open the Cage: But the *Don* was still resolv'd, and leaving *Rosinante* back, lest he should be frighted at the sight, fixt himself in his Gladiatours Posture before the Doors of the Cages, and with an insuperable Valour, defi'd and dar'd the Savage force of Lyons, more Monstrous than ever roard within the *Lybian* Deserts.

In the Cage now wide open, how I tremble to tell you! There lay a huge Monstrous tame Lyon, to whom *Herculeses Nemean* Beast was but a Kitten, who first tumbling about, and rowling in his Straw, and stretching out at length his Hideous Limbs, and making all his usual Preludiums, which would have certainly dismay'd the seven Champions of Christendom, came out for the fresh Air, and after a turn or two, contemning all the Bravadoes of the vap'ring Hero.

However it cannot be said but the Hero's Valour was sufficiently shown; for it is plain, he waited for his Enemy, his Enemy fail'd, and what could he have done more, unless he had posted him for a Coward? And therefore the *Don* satisfi'd, only desir'd a Certificate in due Mode and Form of what was done, and so rid after his Companions to fetch them back again, holding up the white flag of his Handkerchief upon the end of his Lance, in token of Victory, whilst the Keeper lock'd up his Lyons again, without being Intreated or Commanded.

At what time *Sancho* seeing the flourish'd Muck-

inder;

inder, I'le be hang'd says he, if my Master has not kill'd the King's Lyons, and now no ground will hold him ——— Stop, Gentlemen, stop, says he, so the Gentleman looking back, and seeing *Don Quixot* flourishing his Ensign in the posture of a Victor, took up his Mare, and the Waggoner stopped his Horses, and rode back to Congratulate him, who no sooner were within hearing, but *Don Quixot* cried, Come on, Honest Friend, put thy Horses into thy Waggon again and pursue thy Journey, all the fear is over, and *Sancho* says he, do thou give the Honest Wagoner two pieces for the trouble I have giv'n him, to whom and the Gentleman when they were come up, the Keeper gave a Relation of the whole Action the most Advantagious that they could of the Champion's side, which done, the Waggoner well satisfied for his stay, put his Horses into his Wagon, and drove on.

Quixot resolv'd from hence to stile himself the *Knight of the Lyons*, and he, the Gentleman, and *Sancho* pursu'd their Journey very peaceably, the Gentleman admiring all this while that a person should at the same time have so much sense, and so much Extravagance, that a Man's Words should be always so proper and well delivered, and his Actions so hair-brain'd and unadvised. Now the day beginning to waste, they put on towards the next Village, where they arriv'd within two hours, the Gentleman offering them the Conveniency of his House.

CHAP. VI.

What befell Don Quixot *at the Gentleman's House, and his departure from it; together with several strange Accidents relating to* Martin *the Brave, and* Basilius *the Poor.*

NO sooner were they come to the Gentleman's House, which they found to be large and well built, but the Mother, whom her Son led by the hand, came to congratulate the arrival of her Husband, and not a little surpriz'd to see what an extravagant Mortal he had brought along with him; whom the Knight no sooner beheld, but throwing himself from *Rosinante*, with his accustomed Gravity and Ceremony he saluted, also the Son; to whom, and to Madam *Christiana*, for such was the Name of his Lady, he was received, when he had signify'd the Quality of their Guest, with a more than ordinary Civility, and conducted into a fair Hall, where his *Squire* help'd him off with his Armor, which left such an Impression of Rust on his Wastecoat and Breeches, both which were of Shamoy Leather, that had he not cover'd all with his Drab-de-berry Cloak, he would have appear'd but in a filthy and tatter'd condition: Four days together was our Noble Champion at *Don Diego*'s House, such was the Name of the Gentleman; but then calling to mind the Proverb, *Guests, like Fish, grow stale at three days old*, he thought it high time to change his quarters. It is true, *Sancho* lik'd his Commons so well, that he had no mind to remove; but the *Don* resolv'd to take

take his leave, which he did at the four days end, returning Ten thousand Thanks to *Don Diego* and his Lady for their obliging Entertainment, and to their Son *Lorenzo* no less for the Proofs he had given him of his Ingenuity and Wit; whil'st *Sancho*, to render his condition the more comfortable at parting, so fair bespoke the Butler, that he cram'd his Wallet as long as he could thrust in a Bit.

Don Quixot then full of soaring Thoughts, and *Sancho* well vittled, are now jogging on fair and softly upon the Road, till at last they meet with four Travellers indifferently well mounted, two of them looking like Scholars, and two like Husbandmen: But whether one or t'other, such as were all in the same admiration at a Gentleman who appear'd in a Figure so different from all the rest of Mankind; and by whom, after much discourse had pass'd betwixt them, the *Don* and his *Squire* were invited to be Witnesses to one of the most magnificent and sumptuous Country Weddings perhaps as you ever heard described.

The Bridegroom, says one of the Scholars, addressing himself to *Don Quixot*, *is one of the richest Farmers in all this Country, who, for that reason, is call'd* Martin the Brave; *and the Bride is a delicate buckxom Farmer's Daughter, whom, for her Beauty, they call* Maudlin the Fair. *The Wedding is kept in a Meadow near a Neighbouring Village, and the Preparations are extraordinary both of Fidlers, Minstrels, and all sorts of Pastimes, Dancing, Jumping, Stool-Ball, Cudgels, Jugling, Carding, and finally, all*

ſorts of your Bear-Garden Exerciſes, wherein, perhaps, you may come in for a ſhare. But that which will ſurprize you moſt, will be the diſconſolate Baſil, *who has been a Lover of the Bride from his Youth, and to whom* Martin the Brave *was preferr'd, only becauſe he was not Rich enough for her, though in reſpect of Accompliſhments he's no more to be compar'd to him, than a Sow-Gelder to a Lord of a Mannor.*

The Devil take them that ſpoil a good Match, quoth *Don Quixot, and yet if all ſhould marry that love one another, what would become of Parents Authority, and what rare Breeds ſhould we have? When Love rules our Reaſon, we chuſe like People in the dark; on my word Marriage is a* Gordian *Knot, and it behoves us to take care how, and with whom we tye it. But your Story of* Baſil.

Sir, ſays the Student, *I have only this to ſay, That when* Baſil *underſtood* Maudlin *was to be marry'd, he fell into a melancholy, and has hardly ſmiled ever ſince, neither eats nor drinks, but continually ſighs; ſometimes takes a ſhort Nap upon the Graſs, and then when he wakes, lifts up his Eyes to Heaven, in which poſture he ſtands like a meer Statue, and, in all probability, when* Maudlin's *actually married, will expire.*

No ſooner were theſe words almoſt out of his mouth, but they found themſelves entring into Madam *Maudlin*'s Village, where, though it was dark before they could reach it, the infinite number of Lights that they had hung out, made it appear as bright as day, or rather all the Village ſeemed to be as it were one ſtarry Sky; and in which by ringing of Bells, and Muſicks ſounds, they

Pre-

Prelude moſt delightfully to the Solemnities of the following day: But as for *Don Quixot*, he would not enter the Town, but betook himſelf to a private Covert, and choſe to ſleep under the Canopy of Heaven.

CHAP. VII. *The Relation of* Don Martin's *Nuptials, with what there occurr'd.*

BUT no ſooner had the bright *Aurora* diſmiſſed bright *Phœbus* from her dewy Arms, but the incomparable *Don Quixot* got upon his Legs, and waked the drowſie *Squire*, whom, one would have thought, had been ſnoring for a wager; who, after he had pretty well open'd his Eye-lids, and ſtretch'd his Legs, clap'd Saddle upon *Roſinante*, and Pack ſaddle upon *Griſle*, and away they rode to the great Arbor where the Wedding was kept; where the firſt thing that bleſt the ſight of over-joy'd *Sancho*, was a whole Steer ſpitted upon a whole Elm, and the Mountain of a Fire, by which they roaſted it all of Charcoal, over which there hung no leſs than Sixteen Pots full of all ſorts of Proviſions, Pidgeons, Bacon, Hams, *&c.* The 2d was 100 Cheeſes pil'd up together, which made ſo goodly a Fortification, that *Sancho* would willingly have ventured his Body to aſſail it. The 3d was a matter of Threeſcore Punchins of Drink, which made his Chaps water as he rid along. But *Don Quixot*'s Thoughts are other ways employ'd, who by this diſcerned a matter of twelve bladiſh *Farmers* Sons, all finely bedeck'd with Favors, entring

tring in upon their Barbaries, and crying, *Joy to the Bridegroom and Bride; to him the richeſt, ſhe the faireſt in the World.*

Hah! ſays *Don Quixot*, *the Faireſt in the World, ſure they never ſaw my* Dulcinea de l'Toboſo, *like a Company of Buzzards as they are.*

But yet this paſs'd on very well, when after this came in a matter of 24 brisk young Fellows with Handkerchiefs of Silk of divers Colours about their Heads, and crowned with Branches of Lawrel and Cheſnut, dancing militarily, and skirmiſhing one at another with their Swords in their hands, which pleaſed *Don Quixot* mightily.

But what was moſt ſurprizing, was a Company of young Virgins clad all in green, and garlanded with Jaſmine, and other Rural Ornaments, with their Hair part plated, part looſe, playing upon their ſhoulders, and tripping of jumping Galliards to the Horn-pipe, which conſiſted of two Rows of Nymphs; the one was led up by the Repreſentative of Love, the other of Money; the Nymphs alſo that followed, had all their reſpective Characters, and emblematic Habits: All theſe, by turns, made their ſeveral Orations, which was very fine to hear. Several other paſſages there were in the Maſque, which, for Brevity's ſake, I muſt omit, and tell you in brief, it cloſed up with all the ſatisfaction imaginable to the admiring Spectators, and was compoſed by the *Curats* of the Pariſh; and now it was that they deſcry'd the Bride and Bridegroom accompany'd by the *Curats* and their Relations, and a great number of

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People in their Holy-day Habits, and the Muſick playing before them, advancing towards the Arbor, while the Bride gliſtning from Top to Toe with her Jewels, was thought to have Riches enough about her to pay a broken Banker's Debt, and to which ſhe gave ſuch a refulgent luſtre by her Beauty, as concluded her, in the opinion of all, to be one of the faireſt Creatures in the world.

In this poſture did the ſelect Company make up to a kind of Scaffold in the Meadow where the buſineſs was immediately to be performed, when, of a ſudden, they eſpy'd a dejected perſon in Mourner's weeds coming behind them, and crying, *Hold, hold, be not quite ſo haſty.* Which occaſioning them to ſtop, as ſoon as he drew near, fixing of a Cudgel he had in his hand headed with Iron in the ground, he fronted the Couple, and ſaid, *Ah! Ingrateful* Maudlin, ſays he, *What, Am I forgot? What, wed thy ſelf to another, while I am liv...? What urges thee to be thus falſe, after thy troth ſo ſolemnly plighted to me alone? Muſt Riches alone make a man happy? Well*, ſays he, fetching a great ſigh, *If it muſt be ſo, let wealthy* Martin *live, and* Baſil *dye.* And ſo drawing out a ſhort Sword he had in his Cudgel, and pointing it to his Breaſt, fell upon it in that manner, that it came out at his back, and the unfortunate *Baſil* lay welt'ring in his blood, while all his Friends ran up to him to make their Lamentations: But then it was that *Baſil* recovering a little breath, and the Sword ſticking ſtill in his wound, *Ah! Cruel* Maudlin! ſays

ſays he, *Would ſhe but now, at this my laſt gaſp, vouchſafe me her hand, and but acknowledge her ſelf to be what ſhe is by the Laws of God and Man, my true and only Spouſe, I could contentedly expire; it is but ſaying Yes, and then*——

Upon which his Friends ſo ſedulouſly attacked the Bride and Bridegroom in his behalf, that they would condeſcend to gratifie their dying Friend in ſo innocent a Requeſt, and that they would vouchſafe to ſuffer him for thoſe few moments he had to live to enjoy the deſired accompliſhment of his wiſhes, ſince it would no longer delay the accompliſhment of theirs.

They both agreed that *Maudlin* ſhould be married to him for the time he had to live. Upon which, the *Curate* immediately entered them into a Solemn League and Covenant one with another, and to content the poor departing *Baſil* to the uttermoſt, gave them both his Benediction.

When no ſooner was the *Nuptial Bleſſing* given, but up ſtarts the Man who ſeemed to be going with ſo much ſpeed into the other world, and with an unexpected dexterity draws the Sword out of his Body, aſſuring them, to take off their Surprize, *That it was no Miracle that they ſaw, but that all this was a Trick that he had us'd to gain his lawful Miſtreſs*: And then ſhewed them the Pipe full of Blood which he had pierced, which was ingeniouſly fitted to his Ribs by an Artiſt that had prepared it for that purpoſe. Now the *Curate* and *Martin* and his Friends, could not but acknowledge themſelves fairly cheated, and the new marry'd Woman

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was so pleased with the Ingenuity of the Trick, that she confirmed the Contract again, and took *Basil* for her Husband. But now, though as I said, *Martin* and his Friends could not but own themselves to be ingeniously chouz'd, yet they were too much gravel'd with it, not to meditate on some revenge, and therefore all drawing their Swords, there had like to have been a pretty Battel, had not the *Don*, mounting his *Rosinante*, couching his Lance, and covering himself with his shield, thrown himself between the Combatants, and with his accustomed Wit and Rhetorick so moderated betwixt them, as to bring them to an Accommodation; so that *Martin* resolved to let his Feast go on, and *Basil* and *Mandlin* retired to *Basil*'s Village, whither he and his Companions invited *Don Quixot* to go along with them, whom they look'd upon as a person of more than ordinary worth and quality.

Chap. VIII. *Containing the rare and wonderful Adventure of the Cavern of* Montesino's, *with other Accidents.*

NOthing was thought too good for *Don Quixot*, who had so much signalized his Prudence by this Arbitration, and who seemed to be so much Master as well of *Cicero*'s Eloquence, as *Guy* of *Warwick*'s Valor, so that three whole days did the *Don* and *Sancho* here stay with the new marry'd Couple, upon whom the Champion bestowed most excellent Admonitions. At the end of which, impatient of any longer Confinement, he requested the *Curate* to help him to a Guide to the

the Cave of *Monteſino's*, other ways the *Devil's Arſe i'th' Peake*, which he had a great mind to be romaging. To whom the *Curate* recommending a Kinſman of his who was a very good Grammar Scholar, and a great Friend to *Knight-Errantry*, it was not long before they all mounted, *Don Quixot* I mean, and *Sancho*, and the *Young Scholar*, and ſet forwards towards the wonderful Cave. All this day was ſpent in pleaſant Diſcourſes, and at Night they lodg'd in a Village about ſix miles from the Cave, where furniſhing themſelves with Ropes for their purpoſe, they arrived about two the next day in the Afternoon at the mouth of the Hole, which was ſo covered o're with Weeds and Buſhes, as if Nature deſigned them, like the flaming Sword in *Eden*, growing about the *fatal Tree* on purpoſe to be its Guard.

But no ſooner was the *Don* arrived, but he alighted, and cauſed himſelf to be faſt bound, and then falling upon his Knees to recommend himſelf to Heaven, and *Dulcinea*, prepared himſelf for ingulphing into that unknown Abyſs, ſo approached the whole: But finding it all o'regrown with Brakes and Buſhes, it was firſt neceſſary that he ſhould cut his way with his Sword, but ſtrange to tell; no ſooner had he ſtruck about 4 or 5 blows, but he raiſed ſuch a company of Crows and Flittermice about his Ears, that he was not able to ſtand on his Legs, ſuch was the impetuoſity of the winged Tempeſt, an *Omen* ſo bad, that it might very well have made him deſiſt from his Enterprize: But up he roſe again undaunted, and committed

him

himself to the Rope which now had him fast about the middle, and the mercy of his two Friends, who winding it about the Body of a small Tree, let him gently down, *wishing him all Prosperity in his Enterprize, and that Omnipotence would preserve him once more to see the comfortable Sun, which he thus hair-braindly contemn'd, to court Eternal Darkness.*

And were so free of their Hemp, that they never left off giving him Cord, till they had let down full an hundred Fathom. But after they had suffered him to be about half an hour in the Pit, they could not endure any longer, but thinking he had had time enough to look about him, begun to hail up, but feeling no ponderosity, till they had pulled up about Eight and twenty Fathom, *Sancho* fully concluded that some Devil or other had got his Master a pick-pack: But, in short, up at last they drew the heavy Load which both of them durst have sworn had been pawn'd for the Reckoning; who, after he had taken a little cool Air, sitting down upon the ground, gave *Sancho* and the *Scholar* the following Relation of his Adventure.

When you are descended, says he, *about Twelve or Thirteen Fathom here down, you come to a large spacious Concavity, enlighten'd by certain glimmerings which fall through some narrow holes that reach the top of the earth, whither when I came, to tell you the truth, I was a little weary of hanging by the middle, and not willing to go any farther without a*

Guide, coyl'd up all the rest of the Cable, and there set my self down full of pensive Contemplation; and speaking to Sancho, *time may come,* says he, *that I may tell thee such wonders that may amaze thee, both of the Reverend* Montesino's *himself, from whom the Cave itself fetches its name, and of all those astonishing wonders that he there shew'd me. But let it now suffice, that amongst a thousand other amazing Miracles which possibly I may impart at times as we ride along, I saw,* &c.

Here the *Scholar* interrupted him, *Alas! Sir,* says he, *How could all these strange things be seen in so little time as you have been in the place.*

So little, reply'd *Don Quixot, why I have seen the Sun rise and set at least three times since I have been there, so that that time which you took to be so short, was at least three whole days, with every one a night at the end of it.*

The Scholar was strangely amaz'd to see a poor Gentleman's Understanding craz'd after this wicked manner, but however he let him go on without any farther interruption.

Be it known to your Infidelship, then persisted the Don, *that in one of the fairest and most delightful Meadows that ever Nature beautify'd with her Ornaments, whither of a sudden I was spirited by Necromantick Charms, I beheld a sumptuous Castle, and in that Castle the matchless* Dulcinea, *lately brought in that Devil's Counter by* Merlin *the Sorcerer.*

Here *Sancho* knowing this to be a damn'd Lye I think had Confidence to tell his Master so too being

being very well satisfy'd, *That there was no other such Inter in the whole world of* Dulcinea *but himself.*

Which yet the Master gave so little heed to, that he went on still with his Story, and describ'd to them all the very particular marks by which he knew her, to the no small astonishment of his Hearers, when looking back, he was diverted by the sight of a Footman travelling a very great pace upon the Road, and driving a Mule before him loaded with Lances and Halbards, and coming up towards them, who though he could not stay, yet told them, *That at a certain lone Inn upon the Road, if they thought it deserving their trouble to follow him, he could tell them wonders.* And so giving his Horse a good jerk upon the Buttocks, away he went. And *Don Quixot*, who had an itching Ear after all Novelties, especially if they had the least twang of an Adventure, resolv'd to lie at the Inn, in the way to which he overtook a young lively brisk lad of about Eighteen years of age in a thin paper habit, and walking carelessly along the Road, with a Sword upon his Shoulder, and a little Bundle ty'd to the Scabbard of it, who had run away from his Master, going to list himself into a Foot Company that lay off about 14 or 15 Leagues for the King's Service, and pleas'd with his Discourse carry'd him along with him.

Chap. IX. *Rare Accidents at their Inn, containing the Braying Adventure, with the Adventure of the Puppit-Players, and the Fortune-telling Ape.*

THE Sun almoſt ſet, they arriv'd at the Inn, where *Sancho* was over joy'd to find that his Maſter, who was ſo much a *Fool* and a *Wiſeman* by turns, took it really for what it was, and not for a Caſtle, where no ſooner was *Don Quixot* alighted, but he enquir'd for the Man he met with upon the Road, with the Swords and Halberts, being in great haſte to know what thoſe wonders were which he promis'd to tell him, and would not be ſhew'd a Room till he had caus'd the *Carrier* to be ſent for, and challeng'd his promiſe, which he thus made good, while the *Don*, the *Scholar*, *Sancho*, *Page*, and the Inn-keeper lent him their Ears.

You muſt know, ſays he, *That about five or ſix miles from hence, there is a Town under the Government of two Bailiffs and their Aſſiſtants, the chief of which Bailiffs loſt by chance his Milch Aſs, which about fifteen days after he was told, was skitting about the Mountains, ſo wild, that all the Craft in the World could not take her, upon which the Bailiff together with the Serjeant went very early the next Morning to examine the Mountain, where after many a weary ſtep, and not ſo much as the hair of an Aſs to be found, they invented the following Stratagem, they both having a pretty good faculty at Braying, agreed to make uſe of their Talent, concluding that the Devil muſt*

must be in the Ass if she came not to her own kind, which they did so exactly, that they often mistook one another for the Ass; but all in vain, for the poor Ass lay dead in a Thicket on the Mountain, which when they discover'd, they went home as wise as they came, and as hoarse as a Sow Gelders Horn.

Such a Story as this quickly flew about all the Country, and all the Neighbouring Villages will still be upbraiding of our Townsmen, with the Braying of our Constables, so that now there can never be any meeting betwixt them without Daggers-drawing and bloody Noses, nay, to morrow there is a Battel to be fought upon this occasion about two Leagues from hence, which is the reason of my being sent to bring those Instruments which you saw, and which is the wonders I promised to tell you, which if it be not a wonder, it may produce a wonder for ought I know.

At the same time that this Countrey Fellow concluded his Story, came into the Inn one Mr. *Peters* a sort of *Merry Andrew*, and the best for Puppit Plays in all that Country, with the Show of *Melisandra*, made by *Don Gaffero* himself, with a wonderful sort of Monkey, that resolv'd all manner of Questions that could be put to him in his Master's Ear (or rather his Master for him, after he had whisper'd him in the Ear) for Twelve Pence a-piece, pretending yet with much more certainty to tell what had befal'n than what should befal; and all this he could do while a man could tell five, so fully and perfectly, had he inform'd himself before of the Inn-keeper and others of the condition, quality, and circumstances

of all the Persons in the Inn. But no more of this---Now therefore to the show, which no doubt will afford something new.

The Puppits being all Embattled in a convenient Room, and the Wax Candles glim'ring round about, Mr. *Peters* placed himself behind the motion to move the Puppits and to make them speak, whilst an Interpreter with a little Wand pointed to every Figure as it came out, and explain the whole Mystery to the Company, who all sat down in silence and hung their Ears upon his Mouth, who thus began: *This History, Gentlemen*, says he, *in the first place is true, and taken out of the Chronicles of* France. *This*, says he, *is* Don Gaffero's; *that such a* Potentate; *that the Fair* Melisandra, *and that the Castle of* Saragosa, *in which you see her looking out from a Balchony in a Moorish Habit, and now see the Sawcy* Slave *that hits her a pat of the Shoulder, and kisses her as she turns her Head, for which he is apprehended by the Guards, and order'd to be Whipt thro' the City immediately without any formality of Tryal; for amongst the* Moors *the King's Word's a Law.*

At what time the *Don* interrupting him, *Young Man, Young Man*, says he, *pray let me have no more of these Flourishes, but go on with your Story in a direct Line, for I must tell you there ought to be a formality of Tryal before any Prisoner be condemn'd*; but this pass'd, so the Lad went on. *Now observe*, says he, *Gentlemen, the Peerless Beauty escape from the Castle wherein she was Prisoner, by means of her Lover, who comes and fetches her, and how the Trum-*

pets

pets sound and Drums rattle in the Air, while the Moors all pour out of the City in pursuit of her; at what time the *Champion* awakned by these words, and such a dismal hurry; and seeing such a clustre of Moors, which he believed to be as real Men as those that acted the part in the time of *Charleman* the Emperor, thought it now high time for him to succour the two flying Lovers, and therefore starting up of a sudden from his Chair, and leaping upon the Table; *Hold, Insolent Scoundrels* —— says he, *hold your villanous pursuit*, and so saying, laid on with such a vigorous fury upon the poor innocent Puppits, that he sliver'd off all their Heads from their Shoulders with more exactness than a *Dutch* Heads-man, sending them altogether with their Arms flying about the Room without any Mercy, notwithstanding what Mr. *Peters* could say by way of mitigation to assure him that they were all Puppits, laying about him as long as he could see any of his Enemies, so that in less time than one might say a *Miserere* he had cut the whole Motion in pieces, and cleared the Field of Battel by a compleat and general destruction, whose good Fortune had it not been to have been there; Oh, the necessity of *Knight Erranry!* in all probability poor *Melesandra* would have been apprehended, and would never have outliv'd the Cruelty of the *Moors* to have been betwixt a pair of Holland Sheets with her Husband.

The Company you will easily believe upon this was in a very sweet disorder, and no less the *Black Tom* that show'd the Play, to see his poor Inno-

cents lie ſtrow'd ſo upon the floor, and ſlic'd into ſo many pieces; but *Benengely* reports, That the *Don*, tho' he could not be perſwaded that he any ways injur'd the Puppit Player, but that he had only accompliſh'd the Duty of his Profeſſion, which was to Succour the Oppreſſed, tho' the Malice of his Inchanters had caus'd the real and bright *Meliſandra* and her Enemies to appear under ſuch a diſguiſe; yet upon *Sancho*'s interceſſion he conſented ſo far as to pay him for what damage he could pretend; and therefore Mr. *Peters* examining the ſlain, and ſetting his price upon every one, the Arbitrators moderated the buſineſs, and allotted the *Don* to pay him a Mark in the whole, which *Sancho* paid down upon the Nail.

But who now do you think this *Rake-hell* of a Puppit Player was? Why ev'n the very ſame *Newgate-bird* that *Don Quixot* had formerly ſet at liberty, and that had rob'd *Sancho* of his Aſs in the Mountain, diſguis'd with a black patch upon his Eye, a *Crack-rope*, that to avoid the Warrants that were out againſt him, went thus pickquering about the Country, knowing *Don Quixot* and *Sancho* as ſoon as they came into the Inn, tho' he was unknown to them; but indeed he never was ignorant of any perſon that Lodg'd in the ſame Quarters with himſelf, becauſe he took a particular care to inform himſelf of them before-hand, and of all the ſeveral accidents that had hapned in any place that he was going to before his coming, and barrel'd all up ſafe in his Memory.

Part

Part II. Book II.

CHAP. I.

The Succeſs of the Adventure of Braying.

Don Quixot after he had generouſly pay'd the Inn-keeper for what he had in the Inn, and had taken a civil leave of his Guide, returning alſo his Thanks to the Carrier for his Story, and giving ſeveral good and wholeſome Admonitions to the Lackey touching the Profeſſion of a Soldier which he was to undertake, ſet out about 8 of the Clock in the Morning for the Plains of *Heer*, which he was reſolv'd to viſit before he went to *Saragoſa*.

Two days together did he Travel without Adventure, but the third, as he was monnting to the top of a Hill, brought him News of about 200 Men in a Valley on one ſide of the Hill, Arm'd with different Weapons, as Pitch-forks, Partizans, *&c.* and diſplaying their ſeveral Enſigns, by which and by their Motto the *Don* underſtood them to be the Inhabitants of the *Braying Village*; of which he had already heard by the Carrier; the one was of a black Taffaty, whereon was painted an Aſs to the Life, ſtretching out its Neck

as

as in the poiſture of Braying, and the other was,

'Twas not for nothing if well weigh'd
That both the two Conſtables Bray'd.

All this multitude had Muſter'd themſelves up to Fight the People of the Neighb'ring Village, for their Jeering of their Conſtables that Bray'd in the Fountain, which was no ſooner eſpy'd by *Don Quixot* but down he rode in amongſt them, without asking any Queſtions, and made directly up to the Standard, where he thus beſpoke them, *Gentlemen*, ſays he, *as I am informed of the cauſe of your Quarrel, ſo I know that Men that are Wiſe and well Govern'd will never take up Arms but upon juſt Occaſions, not upon little triffles and extravagancy of Waggery and Paſtime; beſide, it is certain whole Corporations, as I underſtand you are, are not to look upon themſelves to be affronted unleſs by a general Accuſation, and not by frivolous Reflections on particular Parties, or to think it worth their while to ſeek revenge upon a Company of* Cogſhal *Jeerers, if they are ſo vain as to inſult over a ſmall Misfortune*, &c. Here the *Don* took a little Breath, but had enlarged much more had it not been for an Accident that unluckily fell out, which I am going to tell you.

Sancho Pancho ſeeing his Maſter pauſe a little thought he might take the ſame liberty with the little Dog in the Fable, and began himſelf to inſtruct the People, telling them by way of Confirmation of what his Maſter had ſaid, *That he did not a little wonder with his Lord and Maſter, that they could think of Quarrelling at ſo ſmall a thing as the*

Braying; *for*, says he, *without vanity be it spoken, my self have been so excellent in that extraordinary Qualification, that all the Asses in the Village would bray when they heard me, and yet for all that, I was no less the Son of my Parents, who were both well descended; I know I was envied too for this Quality, but every man is to make use of those parts that God has giv'n him, and that you shall see, Gentlemen, that I am no Lyer, your own Ears shall be Judges of my Capacity*; and with this clapping both his Paums to his Nose, fell a *Braying* at that rate that he made the very Valley ring again, upon which as he was going to it a second time, one that stood by him thinking he had mock'd them, gave him such a Remembrance upon the Back with a good Cudgel, that he laid poor *Sancho* sprawling upon the Ground, so that his Master was call'd off from making a Speech to the necessary Assistance of his poor Squire, and to this end began to couch his Lance, but feeling it began to rain mortal Showres of Stones, and seeing a number of Musquets ready cocking to discharge, he was forc'd to with-draw himself as fast as he could from the Throng, and was very glad when he found himself out of the reach of their leaden Messengers: As for *Sancho* he was acquitted by reason of the blow he had received, and was laid a-cross the Ass to follow his Master, whilst the Warlike Peasants stay'd in the *Valley* till Night, and then return'd home triumphing to their Wives over their dastardly Enemies that durst not shew their Faces.

By this time *Don Quixot* having kindly met his Friend

Friend and Associate whom he saw coming to wards him upon his *Grizle* in that manner, and r settled him upon his Pack-Saddle, they jogg'd o fair and softly to the next Wood, where they l rough that Night at the bottom of a Tree, a got up early the next Morning to continue the Journey to the River *Heber*.

Chap. II. *Touching upon the Inchanted Bark, a recounting at large what hapned to* Don Quixo *upon his meeting the fair Huntress.*

AFter two days march they arrived at the Rive *Heber*, where I might at large tell you ho much the *Don* was taken with the delightful Pro spect, the Beauty and Verdure of its Banks and Tranquility of its Streams, his Joy at the Disco very o a small Bark or Fishermans Boat in the River fast moor'd to the Trunck of a Tree; the Knight's fantastick Dream, that it was on purpos sent for him by someMagician toVVherry him over the Seas, in order to some extraordinary Adventure, which occasioned his and his Squires dis mounting *Rozinante* and *Grizle*, cutting the Rope or Cable, and committing themselves to the Bark, his strange and prodigious Fancies all the way down the Stream, his taking the Mill for a Castle, and Summoning the *Paladine* to deliver up the Captivated Princess and Knights wrongfully detained: TheKnight and his Squires unhappy falling into the River by the overturning of the Inchanted Bark, and their delivery by the Millers: But since

ſince *Benengely* himſelf takes the whole Chapter for *Apochrypha*, I ſhall proceed to freſh Adventures.

The *Don* and his Squire being once more mounted, they was not long before they left the Unfortunate River, and upon the day enſuing towards Evening, as they was bidding *Farewel* to a certain Forreſt, *Don Quixot* eſpied at the further end of a green Meadow, a great number of People who hap'ned to be certain perſons of Quality that were abroad with their Hawks and Spaniels, to whom riding up, he perceived amongſt the reſt a Lady with a Hawk upon her Fiſt, upon a white pacing Mare, moſt ſumptuouſly Equip'd, which made the *Don* believe that ſhe was ſome perſon of Honour, as indeed ſhe was, thereupon he commanded his Squire to ſignifie to her that the *Knight of the Lyons* preſented his Humble Service to her, ador'd the Majeſty of her Beauty, and ambition'd to kiſs her fair Hands. So *Sancho* putting patient *Grizle* to the Trot, ſoon approach'd the Fair Huntreſs, and deliver'd his Meſſage to her upon his Marrow-bones at that formidable rate, that it would have ſplit your ſides to have heard him, the Dutcheſs return'd his Complements, and commanded him to ſignifie to the Knight his Maſter, *With whoſe worth and Grandeur*, ſhe ſaid, *ſhe had been ſufficiently acquainted: That it would be the greateſt honour he could do both her ſelf and the Duke, to accept of ſuch a Welcome as they could give him at their Palace*, &c.

With this ſame gracious Anſwer *Sancho* return'd overjoy'd to his Maſter, and *Don Quixot* was no leſs overjoy'd at ſuch a proſperous beginning, ſo that fixing himſelf in his Saddle, Cheruping to *Roſinante*, and gracefully accommodating the vizor of his Helmet, he rode up to the Lady, who by this time had ſent for the Duke her Husband, ſo that they was both in readineſs to receive the Famous Champion; and (having read the firſt part the *Hiſtory* of his Life) to accommodate themſelves to him, as to humour him in all things that were eſſential to the Entertainment of a *Knight-Errant*.

Preſently *Don Quixot* came up, and the Squire holding his Stirrup, he Alit, falling down before the Lady at her Horſes feet: but the Duke, who knew his Wife to be no Saint, and therefore not fit to be Reverenc'd, Embracing the humble Votary, ſet him up again upon his Legs. *At what time my Lord Duke*, ſays he, *I am at your Lordſhip's Service, and my Lady Dutcheſſes your Peerleſs Conſort and Soveraign Princeſs of all Courteſie. Forbear your Complements, good my Lord* Don Quixot, quoth the Duke, *for as long as Madam* Dulcinea *lives, all other Ladies are unjuſtly Applauded*; thereupon all Mounting, they ſet forward to a Caſtle of the Dukes hard by, whither when they was arriv'd, the Duke rode in before and gave particular Inſtructions to all his Servants, how to behave themſelves to the new-come Gueſt.

So that no ſooner was *Don Quixot* entred within the Court, but out came two Lackeys in long Crimſon

Crimson Veſts to take him from his Horſe; after which *Don Quixot* offering the like Service to the Dutcheſs, many high flown Complements paſſed between them, but ſhe refuſing to alight in the Arms of any but her Husband, the Duke himſelf perform'd that Office, and they entred into a ſpacious Hall, where immediately came two Damſels and threw rich Mantles of Scarlet about the Champion's Shoulders, while the Galleries of the Room were all fill'd with Men and VVomen *Domeſticks*, crying, *Welcome, Welcome, to the Cream and Flower of Knight-Errantry*: and at the ſame time raining down ſhowres of Eſſences upon his Head, and thoſe of the Duke and Dutcheſſes, to the raviſhment of *Don Quixot*, who never thought himſelf a real *Knight-Errant* till now.

Thus was treated the Noble Pattern of Chivalry. But I ſhould tell you that during this, *Benengely* records, Some diſorder proceeding from a great ſquabble betwixt *Sancho Pancho* and Mrs. *Abigal* one of the Dutcheſſes Gentlewomen, on her refuſal to put his Aſs up in the Stable, which to avoid prolixity, I muſt paſs by, and tell you that this being over, the Knight was conducted into a noble Room of State, where he was diſarm'd by 2 Young Damſels in lieu of Pages, who were fully inſtructed in all points of Behaviour. And now *Don Quixot* being diſarm'd, appear'd in his Trunk Breeches; and in a word, ſo ridiculous a Figure, that the Young Girles had certainly bepiſs'd themſelves with Laughing, had not the Duke expreſly forbid them; which done, he requeſted

that he and his *Squire* might for a while be left alone, where after he had sufficiently school'd *Sancho* for his rudeness to Mrs. *Abigal*, he presently dress'd himself, hanging his Eel-skin Belt about his Shoulders, together with his Trusty Sword, and so covering his Skull with a Velvet Monteer Cap which the Damsels had brought him; in that Equipage entred the great Room of State, where he found 12 Damsels ranged in order, that receiv'd him with all the Ceremony imaginable: where also at the same time were a dozen Pages waiting to Conduct him where the Duke and Dutchess expected him to Supper, in the midst of which he marched in great Pomp to a Parlour, where stood a magnificent Table Cover'd with Viands, and at the entrance of which, the Duke and Dutchess Attended by their Chaplain, were ready to receive him; where after many Complements passed on all sides, they sat down in this following Order; *Don Quixot* at the upper end, the Chaplain at the lower, and the Duke and Dutchess of each hand of the *Knight-Errant*; at what time *Sancho* gave the Duke and Dutchess a very pleasant Entertainment, with a Story of his which he had in his head, which nipt his Master so much to the quick for taking place above the Duke, that it brought so many different Colours into his Face, he look'd like a piece of speckl'd Jasper; but that *Sancho* might have no farther opportunity to go on with his unseasonable Follies, the Dutchess began to turn the Stream of the Discourse, and ask'd the Champion, *When he*

heard

heard from his Dulcinea, *and how long it was ſince he had ſent any Robbers or Gyants heads to her? Alas! Madam*, ſays he, *it is true, I have very often and in vain ſent many Trophies of my Victories* (fetching a deep Sigh) *to that high born Princeſs: But, alas! where ſhould they find her out? For, Madam, the Lady you ſpeak of lies now Inchanted* ——— Here the Chaplain interrupted him, for hearing them talk of nothing but Gyants and Inchantments, he began to conjecture that this muſt be the ſame Worſhipful *Don Quixot de la Mancha*, whoſe Hiſtory the Duke was ſo continually a reading, and concluding his Conjectures to be true, begun with a formal ſerious Gravity to reprehend the Duke for feeding his Humours, and pampering his Extravagancies; and then turning with a *Buſbeyan* Frown to *Don Quixot*, began to give him ſome grave Admonitions, but was ſoon interrupted by the Dutcheſs, who would not ſuffer him to go on; but after ſeveral Diſcourſes paſt of *Knight Errantry*, made it her Requeſt to *Don Quixot*, to give her a particular deſcription of Madam *Dulcinea*, whom, according to what people ſpeak of her, ſhe believ'd to be the perfecteſt Creature in the World.

While *Don Quixot* fetching a profound Sigh: *Madam, to give your Excellency ſatisfaction*, ſays he, *would require all the skill in the World, ſince ſhe is hardly to be conceiv'd by Imagination; and to tell you the truth, the Misfortunes which have lately befal'n her, have almoſt rooted the very Idea's of her Angelick Beauties out of my mind; for going not long ſince*

to kiss her hands, I saw her metamorphis'd from a Princess even to a Country Puzzle; I thought to have found an Angel, and met with a Devil. In fine, I expected Dulcinea del Toboso, *and met with a meer Blowse. Passion of my heart,* quoth the Duke, *who should this Monster be that should cause all this? Why e'ne one of those perpetual Ragamuffins of* Necromancers, reply'd *Don Quixot, that have plagu'd me without cessation all along, and will I doubt to my dying day; even such as Hell has spew'd out to eclipse the Glory of Men of Merit.*

Very well, says the Dutchess, *but that that puzzles me is, I do not read that your Lordship ever saw this Madam* Dulciena, *by which it appears to me as if she was only some Chymera of a Lady, and no reality, a sort of an Idol purely form'd by your own Imagination. Madam, your Ladyship dives a little too far into these Mysteries,* repli'd *Don Quixot; but however, whether she be reality or fiction, it is nothing to me, I look upon her to be a Lady endu'd with all Perfections, to be Lovely without blemish, Reserv'd without Pride, Amorous with Modesty,* &c. *all which are the Consequences both of her noble Education and Descent.*

My Lord Don Quixot, cri'd the Dutchess, *your Lordship has so much the gift of Perswasion, that I must submit, and from hence forth resolve to believe that there is such a Lady as Madam* Dulcinea *Beautiful beyond compare, of an Illustrious Race, and altogether deserving the Services and Adoration of so worthy a Knight as* Don Quixot, *or the* Knight of the Lyons, *for whom certainly* Toboso, *the place of her Nativity*

tivity will be no leſs famous than Troy *for* Helena, Delos *for* Latona, *or the River* Severn *for* Sabrina St. George's *Miſtreſs.*

But hark! while the Duke, and Dutcheſs, and *Don Quixot* are thus diſcourſing, there is a great Noiſe in the Caſtle, and by and by behold *Sancho* as if hair'd almoſt out of his Wits, running towards them in the Parlour, of which take the reaſon as follows: *Sancho* it ſeems got amongſt the *Philiſtines* in the Kitchin, and refuſing to be Trim'd according to the old cuſtom and his Maſters Example, they had plotted together, and throwing a dirty Napkin about his Neck, was purſuing him with their Diſh-water and Waſh-balls to do him the office of a Barber; but that which indeed offended the Squire was the naſtineſs of the Water; for to ſpeak truth the puddle they would have us'd was not fit to waſh a Fryars Toes in, ſo that the Squire all enrag'd; *By the Life of* Pharaoh, ſays he, *he that touches a hair of my Beard, I'le give him ſuch a daſh of the Teeth Ile make him ſwallow my fiſt. Pray,* ſays he, *let me have none of theſe ſort of Soapings*; at what time the Dutcheſs was ready to ſplit her ſides to ſee *Sancho* in ſuch a Fury, but however ſhe ſo far interpoſed her Authority, that ſhe would not ſuffer her Servants to commit any further Abuſes upon a perſon of *Sancho*'s Quality. After this the Duke went out to give Orders concerning the farther Entertainment of *Don Quixot*, who betook himſelf to repoſe; and the Dutcheſs was ſo taken with *Sancho*'s Drollery that ſhe deſir'd him if he was not diſpos'd to reſt,

that

that he would come for an hour or two, and sit with her in the Parlour, which he accordingly did.

Chap. III. *Containing the pleasant Discourse between* Sancho Pancha *and the Dutchess, worthy to be read with attention.*

SAncho being now sat down in a low Chair by the Dutchess, the Dutchess first began: *Mr. Governor*, says she (for you must know the Duke was as fast bound as promises could make him to make him so, and of an Island too in a short time) *I would fain be satisfy'd about some difficult Points in the Famous History of your Master* Don Quixot de la Mancha: *And the first is, How* Sancho, *who confessed he never saw Madam* Dulcinea, *durst be so audacious as to feign an Answer from her, and to say so scandalous a thing, and so reflecting upon her Honour, as that he found her sifting of wheat?*

Madam, says *Sancho*, *If your Highness so please, you shall have my very Heart out of my Belly, and therefore I am ready to answer all your Questions, be they as numberless as the Sand. And as to this, I must tell your Greatness, my Master being a most accomplish'd* Cuckow-Brains, *I do sometimes take the freedom of telling him Stories of a Cock and a Bull, and such was that answer of mine to his Letter, and also that Lye in pickle of the inchantment of* Dulcinea, *who, before* George, *is no more Inchanted than* Mahomet's *Tomb.* Of which, at the request of the Dutchess, he told her the whole Story.

But hark ye me Sancho, says the Dutchess, *If* Don Quixot *has had such a knock in the Cradle as you talk of, and is such an irrecoverable Fool, where-*

fore

fore do's that Sott his Squire *continue ſtill in his ſervice, who, had he been any whit wiſer than* Waltham's Calf, *would have gone from him long ago.*

Why, upon my Virginity, Madam, you ſpeak Goſpel, ſays *Sancho,* but where the Goat is ty'd it will browſe; *my Maſter is a good Maſter, and I am faithful, and ever was, and nothing, I believe, will ever ſeparate us but the Pick-ax and the Spade, and this an't pleaſe your* Tallneſs *I credit as firmly and fixedly as my Creed.*

Well, but as to Dulcinea's *Inchantment,* ſays the Dutcheſs, *I am perſwaded it is a certain truth, and that* Sancho *himſelf was beguil'd, when he thought to cheat his Maſter, and took the Blowſe that skip'd ſo nimbly up upon her Aſs to be a Country Laſs, and not* Dulcinea: *For you muſt know, that we are informed by ſeveral* Necromancers *here in the Country, that it was the very ſame individual* Dulcinea.

Well, Madam, quoth *Sancho, whether Madam* Dulcinea *is Inchanted, or not Inchanted, 'tis no Bread and Butter of mine, pray let me not be plagued with Inchantments; I am ſure, that as for my part, I am an honeſt Man, and let me have but this Government once, and you ſhall ſee Miracles.*

Well Sancho, quoth the Dutcheſs, *I believe it, but it grows now late, and therefore pray you to your repoſe, and fear not but I ſhall take order for your Government, and that very ſpeedily.* So away went honeſt *Sancho* to his natural reſt, and the Dutcheſs to the Duke, to give him an account of the *Colloquies* that had paſſed betwixt them, and to contrive how to put the *Don* upon the following Adventure.

Chap.

Chap. IV. *The method of Inchanting* Dulcinea de Tobolo, *which is one of the moſt Famous Adventures in this Book.*

THE Duke and Dutcheſs were ſo well pleaſed with *Sancho*'s humors and his Maſters, that they reſolved to furniſh themſelves with all the invention poſſible to make the beſt on't, which they could never want as long as they had the Story of *Monteſinoſes* Cave ſo freſh in their memories, and had coakſt *Sancho* to the belief of the reality of *Dulcinea*'s Inchanument. After then they had ſpent a matter of ſix days in inſtructing the Actors in a following Comedy, out they carried the *Don* and the *Squire* to hunt the wild Boar, with all the Grandure and Formality that would have becom'd a crowned Prince. They ſet forward to a Wood that grew between two high Mountains, where being arrived, the Toyles were ſet, the Hounds uncoupled, and the Hunters took their Stands, all placing themſelves where it was moſt probable the Boar would take his flight, excepting *Sancho*, who was ſo wiſe as to withdraw out of harms way; yet he had the misfortune, when he thought himſelf moſt ſecure, to light of a fatal miſchance, for diſmounting *Grizle*, and clambering up a tall Oak for a full Proſpect, he was catched by the Britch by a Branch of the Tree, and for ſome time hung in the Air like a *Golden Fleece*, till the Hunters happily came up to releaſe him: For as yet they were buſied in killing their Game, which

with

with their Spears and Javelins they were not long a doing, whom laying upon a Mule, and covering over with Branches and Roſemary, the Victorious carried in Triumph to a fair Tent in the middle of the Wood, where they found a Table ready ſpread, and a Collation, beſeeming the Magnificence of him that beſtowed it.

After this, they again re-entred the Wood, to ſee whether any new Game were fallen into their Toyles; where, while they were eager at their ſport, they were, of a ſudden, ſurpriz'd by a Night more dark than uſual, yet very favourable to their deſign; For as they were going to ſee what was become of the Stars, they beheld, of a ſudden, all the Foreſt like a light Fire, and by and by after this they were ſaluted by a Noiſe of Warlike Inſtruments, as if ſeveral Regiments were marching through the Wood, while other ſtrange Sounds and Ratlings, and *Iriſh O-hones*, made ſo diſmal a Noiſe in the clouded Air, as if it ſeemed to threaten no leſs than ſome ſudden Diſaſter to the whole World, and ſtruck them all with infinite aſtoniſhment, when by and by came by a ſort of Devil's Poſt, ruſhing by the Company, and ſounding a Horn of a prodigious bigneſs, like a ſpeaking Trumpet; whom the Duke calling after,

Hold Brother Poſt, ſays he, *what art thou, and whither ſo faſt? and what are thoſe Sons of* Mars *that ſeem to be croſſing through the Wood?*

I am, cried the Poſt in a dreadful Tone, *the Meſſenger that come to look for* Don Quixot, *and thoſe ſix Troops of* Necromancers *that are bringing back*

back the Lady of Toboſo, *whom Sir* Francis Monteſinos *in perſon is come to teach* Don Quixot *the way to diſinchant. In plain terms, If thou art the Devil,* quoth the Duke, *thou art a Mope-ey'd one, not to ſee* Don Quixot *that ſtands before thee.*

Before Heav'n, and by my Conſcience, reply'd the Devil, *I have ſo many things in my head, I forgot my main Errant, and ſo fixing his Eyes upon* Don Quixot, *Sir Knight of the Lyons,* ſays he, *to you it is that I am ſent, and by the valiant, though unfortunate* Monteſinos, *to tell you that he brings along with him an old Acquaintance of yours,* Dulcinea del Toboſo, *and that he deſires you would expect his coming:* And ſo ſaying, blew his dreadful Horn, and diſappeared, without ſtaying for an Anſwer.

By this time the Night began to be far ſpent, when, after a great many horrible and frightful Scenes, and Diabolical *Preludiums*, drew near a Carriage drawn by four ſlow-paced Oxen, covered with Mourning, and bearing upon each Horn a lighted Torch, led by two Devils, at the upper end of which was ſet on a Throne a venerable bearded old Stier wrap'd up in a Gown of *Black Buckram*, who, with a loud deep voice, cryed as he went along, *I am the Necromancer* Lirgand..

Then followed a ſecond and a third, and ſo ſtop'd after they had gone ſome few paces, at which time all theſe diſpleaſing Noiſes ceaſing, ſtruck up a pleaſant ſort of Muſick before a Triumphant Chariot which was coming towards them, drawn by ſix Mules covered with white, all with Penitents upon them, in the ſame colour, and each hold-

holding a Torch in his hand. In which, at the upper end ſate a ſhining Nymph, moſt gloriouſly array'd with glittering Tynſil, and her Face covered with tranſparent Gawſe, through which you might diſcern a moſt incomparable Beauty, cloſe by whom ſate the moſt Famous Sorcerer *Merlyn*, properly cloathed; who, ſo ſoon as the Chariot came before the Duke, in upright poſture thus beſpoke *Don Quixot*:

To thee Fam'd Hero, that haſt long deplor'd
Thy Ladies Fate,
To thee I come,
To make her happy who's unfortunate.
Six hundred ſtripes thy Squire *muſt firſt receive*
——————————*upon his Bum,*
——————*'Tis Fate's unalterable Doom,*
And then Dulcinea *ſhall return and live.*

How, quoth *Sancho*, *Six hundred Laſhes, Mr.* Devil's *Pedagogue, methinks three might ſerve, and that laid on with my own hand too.*

How Rogue! quoth *Don Quixot, Scoundrel, Garlick Eater, what, refuſe the Oracle? I'le take thee, and* ——

Soft and fair, quoth *Merlyn, the ſtripes are to be with the* Squire's *own conſent; and if laid on by any other hand beſides his own, half the ſtripes may ſerve.*

Neither one, nor the other, replied *Sancho*; *What, muſt my Tail pay for the ſins of Madam* Dulcinea? *I beg your Diverſion.*

No ſooner was this out of his mouth, but the

Lady in the Chariot ſtanding upon her Feet; *Entrails of a Gudgeon*, ſays ſhe, addreſſing her ſelf to *Sancho*, *Hang-man's Varlet*, *Enemy of Mankind. What*, ſays ſhe, *are theſe bright Eyes nothing? Nothing theſe glitt'ring Stars, and theſe hot Tears, that have ſo inſenſibly furrow'd the Flowry Meadows of my Cheeks? That thou ſhouldſt be ſo ſparing of that wrinkled Skin; and ſo meanly ſuffer the Flower of the Age, inexorable Monſter, to pine away under the deformity of a Countrey Puzle*, &c.

Sancho, notwithſtanding continued very obſtinate yet as to the buſineſs of laſhing, and would by no means ſuffer his skin to be flead from his back, tho' it was to reſtore *Dulcinea* to the Beauty of her Complexion, having no more mind to it, than to turn *Turk*.

But the ſhort of it is, the Duke telling him, That he muſt either Laſh or be no Governour, ſince it would be an ill thing for him to impoſe upon his people a Man ſo Savage, that would not be mov'd with the Tears of a Diſtreſſed Lady, to undergo ſo ſmall a Penance, and to comply with my Lady Dutcheſs, He at laſt upon Terms, Conditions, and Covenants, agreed upon, accepted his Penance.

Which he had no ſooner done, but up ſtruck the Fidles, and three Volleys of ſmall Shot, teſtifi'd the general Joy; the Champion a hundred times kiſs'd the Cheeks and Fore-head of his Squire, and the Duke and Dutcheſs was well pleas'd; the Chariot mov'd, and the Fair *Dulcinea* bow'd low in Gratitude to *Sancho*. All returning a ga

gain to the Caſtle, at which time the Sun began to gild the tops of the Mountains.

Chap. V. *Containing the ſtrange and wonderful Adventure of the Lady* Dolorida, *and other things of Note.*

THE Duke and Dutcheſs infinitely ſatisfi'd that they had ſucceeded ſo well in this Deſign, reſolv'd to continue the Paſtime; and behold another Scene of Mirth far more pleaſant than the former, compos'd by the ſame perſon the Duke's Steward, who had repreſented in this Comedy *Merlin* himſelf, whilſt one of the Dutcheſſes Pages acted *Dulcinea*, and therefore omitting what occur'd in the interim, as being not ſo material to relate, I will tell you, *That after Dinner, dining that day in the Garden, they diverted themſelves a while with* Sancho's *Repartees, when on a ſudden they heard the mournful ſound of Flutes, in Conſort, with an ill-brac'd Drum, which made a very doleful Noiſe: ſoon after entred the Garden, two in long Mourning Cloaks with each a Drum, and attended by two* Negro's, *playing upon Fifes; theſe were follow'd by a monſtrous tall Gyant in a Mourning Caſſock, over which was Girded a Belt with a hugeous Scimiter, his Face cover'd with a long tranſparent Vail, thro' which appear'd a Beard as white as Snow down to his Navel; which prodigious Spectre approaching the Duke, after he had three or four times ſtro. k'd his broad white Beard. Know, Moſt Noble and Potent Lord,* ſaid *Trifalden*, ſuch was his Name, *that I wait upon your Grace from the Counteſs of* Trifaldi,

otherwiſe the Unfortunate Lady Dolorida, *who begs that your Lordſhip would both vouchſafe to hear from her a moſt lamentable Story, and that you would alſo admit her into your preſence. But in the firſt place ſhe deſires to know whether the Valiant and Invincible* Don Quixot *be at this time in your Caſtle, for whoſe ſake ſhe has undertaken a moſt tedious Journey on foot, without ſo much as baiting by the way to theſe your Graces Territories. Moſt ſtupendious Squire,* ſays the Duke, *let your Lady know ſhe has free Welcome, and moreover that ſhe comes at the lucky time, wherein ſhe will meet the peerleſs* Baron of Mancha, *and moſt generous Champion in the whole World, to Ladies eſpecially of her Tranſcending Quality.*

This ſaid, *Trifaldin* return'd with the ſame formality with which he entred, making a low Obeyſance to the Duke, when the Duke turning to *Don Quixot, What impotent things,* ſays he, *are this Malice and Revenge, and how unable to cloud the beams of true Courage and Vertue! See here,* ſays he, *what the loud Report of your Fame has done, and the ſtrange effects of your Generoſity?* *Don Quixot* made no Reply, only returning innumerable Thanks to Heav'n for calling him to that Noble Profeſſion of *Knight Errantry,* deſir'd that the diſtreſſed Lady might have liberty to come and make known her Complaints.

When the Fifes and Drums now returning, gave the Company to underſtand that Madam *Dolorida* was at hand, who had the way led before her into the Garden, by twelve Damſels cover'd down to their Feet with Vails of white Linnen,

Linnen, and was led by the hand by the Famous *Trifaldin* her Squire with the *white Beard*, in a long Garment of black Bays, with three trains born up by three Pages in Mourning, the which Damsels was likewise clad in large Mourning Habits under their white Vails, which was only cast over them.

No sooner did the black Squadron draw near, but the Duke and Dutchess rose up and *Don Quixot*; and the Damsels ranging themselves in due order, Madam *Dolorida* marcht up with a slow pace to the *Duke*, who stepped forward to receive her, and Compliments on all sides being over, Madam *Dolorida* with a profound Reverence thus bespoke the Company. *I question not*, says she, *but I am both, of your Highnesses and Illustrious Auditors, of you all very generously received, since my Misfortunes are such as would mollifie Marble. But before my rehearsal reach your courteous Ears, I desire to know whether the most Magnanimous Knight* Don Quixot *of* Mancha, *and his Squire of Squires* Pancha, *be any part of the Company.* Upon which the *Don* and his *Squire* marching majestically up to the oppressed Princess, it is not for unpolish'd utterance to tell you what high flown Straines of Rhetorick pass'd betwixt those Flowers of Curtisie and her self, and therefore without any more detaining you, know that Madam *Three Skirts* being sat down, and silence being commanded, thus began.

I was once the happy Governess, says she, *of a Young Princess nam'd* Antonomasia *Daughter to* Ma-

guncia Queen of Candaya, *from whence I came, and Widow to the deceas'd King* Archipiela, *Owner, perhaps, alſo of as much Beauty, and yet no leſs diſcreet than young and Beautiful, as ever yet Nature beſtow'd upon Woman, all whoſe Charming and Enamouring Qualities was epitomiz'd in her ſingle Perſon, when among the reſt of her Enamorato's, a private Knight was ſo Preſumptious as to advance his Thoughts to this Nymph, and Heaven of Beauty, yet who was indeed Maſter of all the wonderful Qualities that might be capable of moving a Lady's Heart.*

But in vain had Don Picklochio, *ſuch was his Name, beſieg'd that Fortreſs of which I was made the Commandreſs, being Mother of the Maids to the Queen, had I not not deliv'red him the Keys, by whoſe Contrivances I was enſnar'd, and ſo unfortunately betray'd the Peerleſs Beauty. For had it not been for me,* Gentlemen, *I'le aſſure you, as great a Bawd as I was, he could never have kiſs'd the Hem of her Garment; but to go on: In ſhort, the couple by my means was Marry'd, which Queen* Maguncia *laid ſo grievouſſy to heart, that in three days ſhe dy'd; but no ſooner alas, doleful to tell, had we inter'd the Body of the deceas'd Queen, and cover'd it with duſt, but mounted on a wooden Horſe, Gyant* Malambrune *her Couſin Germain appear'd upon the Grave, and no leſs a Necromancer than a Gyant, throwing pointed Arrows from his Eyes upon all that beheld him, as a Chaſtiſement to the Two Lovers who were there preſent, he Inchanted them both upon the Tomb, one into a Monkey, the other into a Crocodile, ingraving theſe words betwixt them,*

Never

Never ſhall theſe Lovers recover their Priſtine Shape, till *Manchegan* to whom the Deſtinies have aſſign'd this Adventure, ſhall Encounter me in ſingle Combate.

After which he cruelly drag'd before him both me and all the Ladies of the Palace, who are theſe you ſee before you, upbraiding us all with Procuration and Pandariſm, and by his Helliſh Inchantment ſo diſfigured the Beauty of our Cheeks, that he caus'd our Chins and Lips to be ſuddenly overgrown with Beards of ſeveral Hues, as you ſee (upon which Madam *Sorrowful* and the reſt of the Damſels lifted up their Vails) *like miſerable Wretches as we are*; and ſo ſhe fell into a Swoon.

Chap. VI: *The Continuation and Accompliſhment of the Adventure of the Counteſs of* Triſaldi, *with the manner of* Don Quixot *and his Squires Riding blindfold through the Air on a Wooden Horſe.*

SAncho ſeeing Madam *Sorrowful* thus in a Swoon, *A Thouſand Satans*, ſays he, *hale this dog of a Necromancer to the bottom of the loweſt Abyſs, what could he find no other way of puniſhing theſe poor Creatures, then by all to be Grand fathering their Muzles?* When by this the Counteſs of *Three Skirts* being come to her ſelf, thus Addreſſed her ſelf to *Don Quixot*. *Now therefore*, ſays ſhe, *moſt Invincible Champion, unleſs you will take pity upon us and relieve us, we muſt carry theſe fatal Diſguiſes with us to our*

Graves. At what time ſhew me but the way and I am, Madam, reply'd *Don Quixot, wholly devoted to your Service.*

May it pleaſe your Magnanimity then, repli'd the Lady *Sorrowful, I preſume it may be from hence to the Kingdom of* Candaya *about ſome five thouſand Leagues by Land, but I ſuppoſe if your Worſhip take the moſt direct way through the Air, it may not be above Three thouſand two hundred. Now I remember the Gyant told me that when I ſhould meet with the Perſon that ſhould diſſolve this Inchantment, to make the way ſhorter, he would ſend them an excellent Steed, being the ſame Wooden Horſe that carried off the Valiant* Pedro *and* Magalona, *when he ſtole her away, and ſuch a one as flies in the Air, with that ſwiftneſs, you would think the Devil himſelf was at his heels, with a Hunting Whip, and indeed that very ſame Maſterpiece of* Merlin, *upon which he carried his Friend* Peter *of* Provence *many a long journey through the Air. Now,* ſays ſhe, *if it be this Gyants pleaſure to put an end to my Misfortunes, this ſame Horſe will be here within half an hour after 'tis dark: The Beaſt carries double, that is two perſons, uſually ſome Knight and his* Squire, *unleſs ſome Lady, as I was ſaying, be to be whirl'd out of humane reach, and then ſhe rides upon him like* Ganymed *upon the Eagles back. His name is* Screw peg *the* Swift, *which at once expreſſes the celerity of his Motion, and what it is you manage him by, which is a Peg in his Fore-head. Well, well,* ſays *Don Quixot, let him e'ne be what he will, and his name be what it will, I wiſh he were but come, and I were at* Cut and Slaſh *with* Malambrune, *you ſhould ſoon ſee, Ladies, with what a propitious Eye Heaven*

ſhould

ſhould look upon your Misfortunes, and how ſoon this Razor of mine ſhould ſhave off the Gyants Head, pointing at the ſame time to his Truſty Steel, *and with what a diſpatch, I would teach him to clap ſuch* Rubbing Bruſhes *upon Ladies Chins. May all the Stars of the Celeſtial Region,* repli'd the Lady *Three Skirts, ſhed their Influences upon your Highneſſes Valour, for your Compaſſion upon poor Contemned Females, diſgrace of the Earth, as we are*: Which laſt words ſhe utter'd with ſuch a lamentable Tone, and with ſuch wringing of her hands, that ſhe melted poor *Sancho* to that degree, that he reſolv'd to follow his Maſter to the end of the World, rather than not to contribute to the ſhaving of that *Goats-wool* from their Noſes, and that venerable Camomile that ſo beſpread their Ladyſhips Cheeks.

By this then the Night was come, and the appointed hour for *Skrew pegs* Arrival, which *Don Quixot* waited with an extraordinary impatience, when behold four Savages cover'd with green Ivy, entred the Garden, bearing a huge Wooden Horſe upon their Shoulders, which when they had ſet down. *Now let them that have the Courage,* cri'd they, *mount this wooden Animal; as for* Malambrune *he expects nothing but a fair Stage, and fair Play. The Horſe, we are to let them know, is to be be order'd by the Peg in his Fore-head, which when taken out, he flies immediately to the place appointed. But let the Knight that rides him,* ſay they, *be bound with a Handkerchief over his Eyes, by reaſon he will be carri'd ſo much aloft into the Air,* and ſo ſaying,

skip'd

skip'd and frisk'd out of sight the same way as they came.

When Madam *Sorrowful* beholding the Horse with Tears in her Eyes; Most Valiant Knight, says she, see now *Malambrune* has fulfill'd his promise, and therefore if you fail not of yours, I question not but we shall soon be deliver'd of this same Troublesome Stool-ball-stuffing, which so disfigures our Beauty.

Distressed Lady, quoth *Don Quixot*, such is my impatience to serve you, that you shall see I will not so much as stay for a Cushion, or to put on Spurs. *Malambrune* tho' a *Necromancer*, I understand is neither Mischievous nor Treacherous, but a kind of a Mongrel Christian, and can sure have no intention to deceive, as long as he sends thus far for us; tho' indeed should the Gyant grow humoursome or be affraid to graple with me, it might be six or seven years before we return; but I say no more, Madam ——— and so thinking it a Scandal to his Courage to make any more scruples, got up without any more to do. Indeed *Sancho* was not in the same haste to ride a Witch-hunting in the Air. Come, come, says he, I know when I am well, St *Peter's* at Rome, *and I am here*, and my Lord Duke has promis'd me an Island; and was very long before he could be brought to be so charitable to the Ladies, as to hazard his Carcass upon this same Wooden Engine, but at last he mounted, fast bound about His Eyes as his Master had been before him, with a Handkerchief which he pull'd out of his Pocket, and

and ſo in an ill hour lets go on, ſays he, and a Fig for all the Devils in Hell.

Now then, all things being ready, and due care being taken, the *Don* began to turn the Pin, all crying ſit faſt, moſt Valiant Knight, and Undaunted Squire, Heavens protect you both; ſee how they cut the Clouds——What a height are they mounted already, *&c.*

How, ſays *Sancho*, *what a height do they ſay?* Claſping his Arms faſt about his Maſters Waſte; *how can that be? Why methinks I hear 'em as plainly and diſtinctly, as if they were not above* 8 *Paviers Feet off, and yet on the other ſide methinks I have the Wind in my Poop, as briskly as if we were now in the middle Region of the Air, where that and all other Meteors are produc'd.* And indeed he might well ſay ſo, for 4 or 5 Men were now puffing them in the Britch, with each a pair of large Kitchin Bellows in their hands: *But the greateſt danger* Sancho, repli'd the *Don*, *will be when we ſhall be in the Region of Fire, for I proteſt I know not how in the leaſt to govern this Peg to hinder us from being burnt in thoſe Etherial Flames*; which no ſooner ſaid, they begun to warm their Noſes with a blaze of Lighted Tow, when I durſt be hang'd now, ſaid the *Squire* to the *Don*, if we are not come to the ſame place you were talking of laſt, and are now Tow'ring juſt over the Kingdom of *Candaya*, where we ſhall ſoop down upon our Enemies, juſt like ſome *Saker* upon a *Heron*: In which *Sancho* was little better than a Prophet; for no ſooner were theſe words out of his Mouth, but a Fellow

was

was ordered to give fire to the Horſes Tail, and his Belly being ſtuffed full of all ſorts of Fire-works, he gave ſuch a Curvet in the Air, and the two Adventurers ſuch a Jolt upon his Downfal, that down he threw them ſmoak'd and ſing'd, and ſmelling of burnt Briſles like two Bacon-hogs, to the ground; by which time Madam *Sorrowful* with her Regiment of Beards was flown out of the Garden, and thoſe that remain'd behind, lay all like dead people, which *Don Quixot*, getting upon his Leg's half doz'd with the Fall, was amaz'd to behold, eſpecially to ſee himſelf again in the ſame Garden, but that which ſurpriz'd him moſt, was a green Parchment hanging by two Silver Strings at the upper end of a Lance that was ſtuck in the ground, whereon it was thus written,

The Adventure of Madam Dolorida *is at an end, 'twas ſufficient to undertake it, and all things are in their former ſtate.*

Having ſeen this, and firſt ſhewing his Piety by giving Thanks to Heaven in that he had finiſhed ſo deſperate an Adventure, he went up to the Duke who lay as it were in a ſwoon, when wake, wake, Great Sir, ſays he, and pluck up a good Heart, all's well, as you may ſee by this Writing.

VVhereupon the Duke, *Dutcheſs*, and all the Company, riſing up as if from a Trance; preſently fell a Reading, and the *Duke* throwing his Arms about *Don Quixot*, aſſur'd him that he was the beſt and moſt Renown'd Knight of this later

Age

Ages, whilſt *Sancho* was ſtaring for Madam *Dolorida* and her Nymphs, who, they aſſur'd him as ſoon as *Screw-peg* was fallen, vaniſht away without the leaſt ſign of any Beard, or that they ever had any; when after *Sancho* and his Maſter had told all thoſe wonderful things that they thought they both ſaw and heard, during their Accompliſhment of this Memorable Adventure; the Duke and Dutcheſs was abundantly ſatisfi'd to ſee their project take ſo well, and proceeded to the contrivance of new Inventions,

Chap. VII. Sancho's *going to his Government, with* Don Quixot's *Advice to him before he went, and what befel the* Don *after his departure.*

TO this purpoſe therefore the Duke and Dutcheſs laid their Plot, and the next day the Duke gave *Sancho* to underſtand that he muſt prepare himſelf to take poſſeſſion of his promis'd Government. *Sancho* bow'd low, but with a ſtrange ſort of indifferency told the Duke, *That now truly ever ſince he had deſcended from Heav'n, and had view'd the Earth to be no bigger than a grain of Muſtard Seed, he had no mind to be a Governour; for by my Altitude*, ſays he, *I could ſee no more than ſo in the whole World; ſo that I had rather have a ſmall Canton*, ſays he, *an't pleaſe your Grace, if it were but half a League or ſo in Heaven, if your Worſhip could give it me, than all the Iſlands in the World. Look you*, Sancho, quoth the Duke, *I can diſpoſe of no part of Heaven if it were no bigger than my Nail,*

but as for an Island thou shalt have it as plump as a Bull-rush, where perhaps honest Sancho, *by the way, with pious Care and good Management, thou mayst get Riches enough to carry thee to Heaven. Nay then, Sir,* says *Sancho, let me have the Island, for if I han't a good corner on't, it shall go very hard, and besides now I think on't, it's a very sweet bewitching thing to command and be obey'd here upon Earth.* While the Duke and *Sancho* were thus discoursing, came up *Don Quixot*, who with the Dukes leave, understanding the Squire was to depart the next Morning, thought it convenient to give him a little Instruction first in his Chamber, where having with-drawn, and lock'd themselves up, he thus began.

Sancho, says he, *I see that I am like to be behind the Lighter, and thou, contrary to the Order of Nature, art first to enjoy the fruits of thy desires, which I speak not yet* Sancho *to upbraid thee, but that thou shouldst rather ascribe this thy good Fortune to Heaven than thy own Merit: Remember then now in what Sea thou art going to Embarque, and bear the Instructions of thy* Cato, *which shall be thus in short.*

First, *Fear God, and know thy self, then by thy Curtesie and Civility, endeavour to avoid all the Reproaches of Envy and Malice: Own thy Friends, and be vertuously humble, that so by freely acknowledging whence thou wert, thou wilt suffer no blemish by the meaness of thy Extraction; for thou art not the only Example of such as have been rais'd from the Dunghill; and, in a word, steer thy self in all thy Actions with the highest Morality and Prudence. Beware of being*

posses

poſſeſt of that reſult of Folly and Ignorance, a reſolute and obſtinate Humour; and be univerſally juſt and charitable. Theſe are the Rules, Sancho, *by which if thou liveſt, thou ſhalt be bleſſed eternally, both here and hereafter. But now,* Sancho, *to give thee a little ſight into* Oeconomies *as well as* Politicks, *and in what concerns the Government of thy ſelf and Family.* Upon which he proceeded and gave him ſuch profitable Directions, both for his perſonal Behaviour and Government of his Houſe, that you would have thought him one of the wiſeſt Men in the World; only this damn'd *Knight-Errantry* ſpoil'd all; the ſmell of a *Romance* would put him beſide his Reaſon, and diſlocate the whole frame of his Underſtanding. Now you muſt know *Don Quixot*, after he had Supp'd, *Sancho*'s Memory being bad, writ down at his Requeſt all theſe Inſtructions, becauſe he could neither write nor read, which *Sancho* careleſly dropping came to the Duke and Dutcheſſes hands, and gave them no ſmall occaſion to admire at once both the Wit and Folly of the Knight, while they for the ſake of a Frollick they had in their heads, were reſolv'd to ſend away *Sancho* that Night to his pretended Iſland.

The Perſon who was ordered to accompany him was the Dukes Steward, the ſame perſon who had acted the Counteſs of *Three Skirts*, which *Sancho* himſelf gave a ſhroad gueſs at, by what he had obſerv'd from the Lineaments of his Face; but not one word durſt he ſpeak more of the pudding, for fear of bringing an old Houſe upon his Head.

So that at length the hour of his departure being come, having embrac'd his Masters Knees, and taken his leave of the Duke and Dutchess, awa set the great *Sancho* forward with his numerou Train, clad like a Judge, and mounted upon hi *Spanish Jennet*, whilst his belov'd *Grizel* attende him in quality of a Horse of State towards hi Government, whither on let him go now in Peace till we find him out again in his Employment, a what time you may expect a whole bushel o Laughter.

Now the Story relates, That after *Sancho*'s departure, Pensive *Don Quixot* was so wrung under the withers for the loss of his Companion, that he look'd like a Dog that had lost his Tail; and after many Discourses and customary Compliments past betwixt himself and the Dutchess, beg'd leave to retire to his Chamber, not suffering so much as any one living Soul to attend him; and locking the door, made haste to undress himself, by the Light of two searing Candles which were in the Room: But oh the mischief of Poverty, and the lamentable Misfortune that befel him! for straining a little too much to pull off one of his Stockings, he tore a large whole i'th' seam behind, so that he would have given all the Shoes in his shop for a skain of green Silk to have mended them, but having none, was forced to make use of a pair of *Sancho*'s old riding Boots to hide his disaster.

However to go on, at length full of unquiet and troublesome thoughts, he would have compos'd

pos'd himself to rest, but the absence of *Sancho* and the heat of the Weather not permitting him, up he got, and having walk'd up and down the Room a while in his shirt, open'd a Window that look'd into the Garden for a little cool Air; when all of a sudden he over-heard one Damsel thus talking to another:

Thou knowest, my dear Gilian, said *Joan Tomboy*, such were their Names *to gratifie thee, I would sing: but, alas, since it is impossible that ever a voice of mine should be able to Charm the Adamantine Heart of my Lord and Master yonder, or bring him to my Lure, alas, how fruitless would it be, and how little would it tend to a poor languishing Lovers satisfaction? but however, it behoves me to oblige my* Gilian, and so saying took her Lute and touch'd it most exquisitely, joyning in Consort with it her Harmonious Voice, while *Don Quixot* was all this while lis'ning at the Window: and when the enamor'd *Tomboy* had put up her Pipes, thus in few words expostulated with his Fate. *Hah!* says he, *thou squint-ey'd Constellation that scowld'st at my Birth, what must every Damsel that looks upon me thus love me, and endeavour to dispossess* Dulcinea *of my Faith and Constancy? Impertinent Crew!* says he, *since it is for her alone, in spight of Fate, that I live, hers will I die, maugre all the inticements in the World:* And so saying, flung himself upon the Bed, where we must leave him a while to his Meditations, since the great *Sancho* calls us to be witnesses to the happy commencement of his Reign.

Book III.

CHAP. I.

Of the Famous Sancho's *taking Poſſeſſion of his Iſland and how he behav'd himſelf in his Government.*

O Thou perpetual Surveyor of the *Antipodes* Torch of the lower World, and Eye of Heaven, here *Timbræus*, there *Phœbus*, here an Archer, there a Phyſician; Father of Poeſie and Inventer of Muſick, I beſeech thee Inſpire and quicken my dull Brains, that I may juſtly ſet forth the great Actions of *Sancho*, who deſerves rather a *Homer* or a *Virgil* to Celebrate his Praiſe.

It was not long that *Sancho* had Travel'd as aforementioned, before at a ſmall Town containing about a Thouſand Inhabitants, being one of the beſt within the Duke's Territories, he and his Company arriv'd, which they preſently told him, was call'd the Iſland of *Barrattaria* or *Cheapſide*, in regard the Government coſt him ſo little, the Inhabitants of which were drawn up ready to receive him; the People ſhouted, and the Bells rang, and the new Governor was hoiſted upon Shoulders like ſome Sacred Relick, and attended to the Church

Church, where after ſome Ridiculous Ceremonies paſt, the Keys were given him, and he Sworn perpetual Governor, with whoſe Meane and Air I need not tell you how much they were ſurpriz'd; from Church they carried him to the Courts of Judicature, where having taken his Seat, the Steward began to ſignifie to him, with a low Obedience, the Antient Cuſtom of the place, which was for all that there took upon them the Office of Governor to conſent to the reſolution of ſome difficult Queſtions, to ſatisfie the People whether they were fit for the Charge they had undertaken and whether the people had cauſe either to rejoyce or be ſorry for their coming.

At what time two men of a ſudden came in puffing and blowing into the Court, who ſeem'd by their Garb, one to be a Countreyman, the other a Taylor: *Juſtice, Juſtice, my Lord*, cry'd the Taylor, who having ſatisfy'd his Lordſhip that he was of that Profeſſion, yeſterday came this Countreyman into my Shop, ſays he, *&c.* this Caſe was acknowledged to be very intricate, eſpecially being the firſt, but however ſo ſpeedily and excellently was it reſolved by our New Governor, that the Hall rang again with Shouts, as if no leſs than Seven Biſhops and Peers of the Realm had been ſolemnly Acquitted of a *Scandalum Magnatum*: Other cauſes there were which our Worſhipful Governor the Great *Sancho* diſpatched with an equal Wiſdom and Sagacity, to the wonder and aſtoniſhment of his Iſlanders, who lookt upon him as another abſolute *Solon* of *Greece*; the

chief of which Cauſes his Regiſter fail'd not to ſend Poſt to the Duke, who expected their coming with no leſs impatience.

Chap. II. *Containing* Don Quxiot's *Encounter with the Enraged Mouſe Catchers, alſo a continuation of* Sancho Pancha's *Government.*

Don Quixot not a little troubled in mind at the perceiving himſelf ſo affectionately belov'd by the young and tender Madam *Joan Tomboy*; to divert his anxious Thoughts before he betook himſelf to his reſt, finding a Lute upon his Table, tun'd it, opened the Window, and perceiving ſome Body in the Garden, fell a tickling the lower ſtrings, and with a hoarſe woollen voice much at the rate of a Ten Pound a Year Songſter in a Cathedral, he Sung the following Song, which was of his own Compoſing.

I.

Love is a dangerous Diſeaſe,
And oft excites the Beaſtial part
Of Pamper'd Ramps that live at Eaſe,
Inflam'd by reading Bawdy Plays.

II.

But let 'em at the Waſh-bowl toil,
And for their Livings Card and Spin,
Love raps at door and ſneaks away,
There's no Body to let him in.

III. *Hot*

III.

Hot Love's soon cold, the Proverb says,
Like Flames that on dry Bavins feed,
And you may squench your parching heat
With Vinegar and Lettice Seed.

IV.

One Picture on another drawn,
Will scarce, appear at least but dull;
Then seek some empty hearted Man,
For I protest my heart is full.

V.

Think not Ile break Pie-corner *Law,*
And prove a false inconstant Knave,
'T shall nere be said Don Quixot *went*
A faithless Lover to his Grave.

Don Quixot had no sooner concluded his *Madrigal*, to which the Duke, the Dutchess, Madam *Joan*, and a great number of other Ladies full of Curiosity, had listened with most attentive Ears, but of a sudden the disdainful Champion heard a tinkling of an hundred little Bells over his Head, and soon after perceiv'd a whole Legion of Cats pour'd out of a Sack into the Balcony before his Window, with little Bells ty'd to their Tails; the Miewing of those affrighted Animals, and the gingling of the Bells, made *Don Quixot* think Hell had been broke loose, and four of the terrifi'd Cats leapt into his Chamber, where seeking which way to get out again, affrighted at the gingling they made themselves, they ran like so many Sprights about the Room, flew against the Hangings, put out the

the Candle, threw down the Candlestick, as also the Lute: at length *Don Quixot* unsheathing his Sword, attack'd these supposed *Necromancers* with such a Fury, that he soon drove three out again at the Window, but the fourth being so hard put to it, and by reason of her Wounds, having small hopes of escaping, flew directly in *Don Quixot's* Face, and seizing his leathern Jaws with her Claws and her Teeth, made such deep Impressions, that the Champion began to roar out like a Man tortur'd with the *Stranguary*. The Duke conjecturing at the Disaster by the noise, presently ran into the Assistance of our Champion, lighted by his Servants, and rescu'd him from the Paws of the enraged Mouse-catcher, whom they threw out at the Window, and Madam *Tomboy* with her own Lilly white hands, applied Plaisters to his Sores, whispering him in the Ear the while, that for his disdainful Ingratitude and Contempt of Ladies, this punishment was but a just Judgment upon him: But to return to our Governor.

No sooner was the Court rose up, but *Sancho* was conducted in State to a Magnificent Pallace, where Dinner being served up, and the Musick ceasing, who had play'd all the while, and the Almoner having said Grace, *Sancho* the Governor sat down by himself, attended by a certain Physician or Mountebank, one Seignior *Pedro Punchinello* a Native, as he call'd himself, of *Ditto in Pomerania*, who stood at his Elbow with a Whalebone Wand, but such ill use did the Quack make of it

that hardly one bit could the Governor taſte of what was before him, but he was touching it with his Wand, and away preſently it was ſpirited from the Table by the Servitors, who continuing to lay his Wand on the reſt of the Courſes as they came up they underwent the ſame Fate, to the no ſmall amazement of *Sancho*, whoſe Stomach was too craving to be ſatisfi d with *Hei paſs and be gone*, and therefore he demanded the reaſon. *Why*, Sir, reply'd the Phyſician, *the cuſtom of this place is different from ſome others. I am Doctor of Phyſick to this Iſland, and am appointed by their Chiefs to attend on their Governors at the Table, and to remove thoſe things that may be any ways prejudicial to their Health. Now therefore, Sir, the firſt thing that was ordered to be taken away was a Plate of* Muſk Mellons *which I know to be too moiſt, the other too hot and incitive, and preying upon the radical Moiſture, and as for the next, thoſe roaſted Partridges according to my Maſter* Hypocrates, *a repletion of them is pernicious, and we always are guided by that North Star and Luminary of Phyſick: the next which were roaſted Conies are terene and melancholly, and therefore improper for one of your Honours Conſtitution; about ſix Caraway Comfits, and two or three ſlices of Marmalid would be at preſent the beſt things you could eat.* 'Slife, quoth *Sancho*, riſing up from his Chair, *what is it a cuſtom in this Iſland to feed only with their Eyes, Mr. Homicide? Poſt-daubing Wretch and Scandal to Phyſick, either avoid the Room or by the Life of* Pharaoh *Ile ſlit that venemous Windpipe of thine:* 'Slife, ſays he, *what not eat!* ——

By

By the Lord Harry, *these Islanders sure take us Men in Authority, to be made of Brass or Marble, and no Mortals, subject to hunger and thirst, otherwise they would take more care for the satisfying human Nature: but on my Conscience, if I govern here but three days, I shall make you Coxcombs of Mountebanks smoak, for upon my word you want to have your shoulders well Curry-com'd.*

The Physician thus snub'd and terrify'd, was making out of the Room, ready to befoul himself for fear, when arriv'd an Express from the Duke to *Sancho* the Governor, which by his Order the Secretary after they had cleared the Room of all but some few whom he admitted as his *Privy Council*, read as follows.

'*Don Sancho*, I hear that you are like to be sur-
'priz'd within these few days by Assassinates,
'therefore be watchful, keep both strict Guards,
'and mind what you eat and drink. I will send
'you Assistance out of hand.

Your Friend, The Duke.

Sancho was strangely astonish'd at this News, and so his Council seem'd to be, and turning towards the Steward: Now that which I conceive is first to be done, says he, and that speedily too, is to lay this Doctor *Punchinello* by the heels, for on my life he must needs be in the *Plot*, that has thus openly attempted to starve me: In the mean time, *Secretary*, do you return my Answer to the Duke, and let him know all his Commands shall be

be punctually obſerved, and let them take away this Victuals, and give me ſomething elſe to eat, for on my Conſcience there is no ſubſiſting without it; but now it is time to leave him champing upon his bit, peſter'd with Petitions, and the whole malicious Train of Attendances upon ſo Troubleſome a Government, and return for a while to *Don Quixot*.

Chap. III. *Of what befel* Don Quixot *with Madam* Dorothy *the Dutcheſſes waiting Gentlewoman, with other Accidents worthy Eternal Memory.*

IT ſo afflicted the Diſtreſſed Knight, to find himſelf ſo miſerably uſed, that he kept his Bed ſix whole days together, when at length in the dusk of the Ev'ning, getting up out of his Bed with his all beplaiſter'd Face, and his Muſtachio's half claw'd of, looking like ſome Hobgoblin in a Maſque, he reſolv'd to take one turn about his Chamber then it was the Venerable Matron, Mrs. *Dorothy* entred his Room in a moſt ghoſtly Figure, bearing a glimm'ring Wax Candle in one Arm, a Crutch in the other, and a pair of Spectacles on her Noſe, which was diſcern'd through a Tranſparent Vail, and having Addreſs'd her ſelf to the *Don*, while he lay expanded at his full length upon his Bed, was aſſur'd by the Champion that any other than an Amorous Embaſſy ſhould find its wiſh'd for return, and that he ſhould not fail to liſten to all other Complaints, upon which ſhe ſhould find all the Succour from him,

that could be giv'n by a Generous and Charitable Knight: *But pray by the way*, says he, *none of your Provocative or tempting Glances, I beseech you, for the peerless Beauty of my* Dulcinea *is too deeply imprinted in my Soul to suffer me to hearken to Importunities of that nature.* *Sir Knight*, reply'd Madam *Dorothy*, *I expected no other than such a Christian like Answer from an Air so full of Curtesie and Nobleness as yours. Know then it is only the Remedy of an Affliction which I desire, and which is in your power to afford*; and so she went on.

I am, says she, *tho now an unfortunate Widow, and under servitude, being one of the Lady Dutchesses Waiting Gentlewomen, a Native of* Ovi:do, *and sprung from one of the most Noble Families in that Province, but left an early Orphan by the death of my Parents*, &c. *but not to be tedious, and trouble you with the recital of a lamentable Story, I am now, Sir Knight*, said she, *a forlorn and destitute Widow, yet the owner of a Daughter whose Beauty was, before it was defaced* (fetching a deep sigh) *the wonder of the World, upon whose abused Youth and Charms it is I beg you would cast a Compassionate Eye: With this pretty Creature of mine, know then that a Rich Farmers Son, Tenant to the Duke, fell in Love, getting the good Will of the poor silly Girl too soon, and now refuses to be as good as his Promise, and the Farmer being rich, and often lending the Duke Money, I can have no Justice done: It is of you therefore, Sir Knight, whom Heaven has reserved to right the Innocent, I request to be my Daughters Champion, and either to* [illegible] *a Reparation, or by force of Arms to revenge* [illegible] *Honour.*

Here

Here it is, I think, *Benengili* reports that ſhe was pleas'd, as ill luck would have it, to make an Excurſion, and by way of Illuſtration of her Daughters Excellencies, to enlarge upon the Deeds of the other Damſels (for her Daughter was alſo Damſel to the Dutcheſs) nay of the Dutcheſs her ſelf, and talk'd ſo loud, that the Dutcheſs and Mrs. *Riggletail* her Woman over-heard, who underſtanding, it ſeems, by one of the other Women that watch'd her, that Mrs. *Dorothy* was in *Don Quixot*'s Chamber, was ſo much with-child to hear the iſſue of ſuch a Night-viſit, that they was all this while liſt'ning at the door, ſo that when Mrs. *Dorothy* came to ſpeak of the *Dutcheſſes* Iſſues, and Mrs. *Riggletails* ſtinking Breath, 'slife the *Protector* could not have held them, but in they flew like enraged Females, and put out the Candle which was in Mrs. *Dorothies* hand, whilſt one taking up her Coats, the other beſtowed her Flaps ſo liberally upon her Poſteriours, that you would have ſworn that they had renounced all Compaſſion, and when they thought they had ſufficiently bliſtred her blind Cheeks, the Netled Phantomes ſo cruelly aſſaulted the Champion likewiſe with their Nails and Teeth, that he was forced to uſe his Fiſts *ſe defendendo*, till after the Combat had laſted about half an hour, they ſilently withdrew, and gave leave to Mrs. *Dorothy* and the Knight to bewail their Misfortunes. But now again to our Noble Governor, as the order of our Hiſtory requires.

Chap. IV. *Of the Governor* Sancho's *Progreſs round his Iſland, and what fell out.*

I Need not tell you again in what plight we left the Great *Sancho*, who yet as thick skull'd as he was, made ſhift to make his party good: but now Doctor *Punchinello* promiſes him he ſhall Sup this Night, to his hearts Content, tho he ſins againſt all the Aphoriſms of *Hippocrates*; ſo that Ev'ning being come, and *Sancho* having ſomewhat appeas'd his Craving Appetite, He prepares to walk his Rounds, and to purge his Iſland, as all good Governors ought to do, as well of idle Perſons as Vagabonds, ſayng, That like the ſlothful Drones amongſt the Bees, they only ſerv'd to waſte and conſume the Honey that was gathered by others.

On then he now marches in the middle of his Guards, which conſiſted of ſeveral Halbardiers and others, with his Staff of Authority in his hand, and attended by the Steward, Secretary, Maſter of the Houſhold, and Regiſter, who Recorded all his Actions; but hardly had they walk'd two ſtreets, e're they diſcover'd the Watch hawling a Young Fellow, that was a Weaver by Trade, who having no mind to be Catechiz'd by the Conſtable, was running away, but the Watch taking him, brought him to the Governor. *Hah!* ſays the Governor, *Friend where have you been Scaperlouring to Night? to take the Air, Sir,* ſays he, *and where do they take the Air in this Iſland? Where*

it

it blows, reply'd the *Crack-rope*: *Very well Mr.* Nimblechops, ſays he, *and ſuppoſe I ſhould be the Wind that ſhould blow you to* Bridewell? In ſhort a moſt pleaſant Dialogue paſs'd betwixt the Governor and this pickl'd Youth, and the Young *Graceleſs* ſo tickled the Fancy of his Governer with his witty Replies, that giving him a caution not to ſport with Authority any more for the future, He ſuffer'd him to ſleep in his own Bed, and he continuing his Rounds, many other Frolickſome Sparks hapned under his Examination, amongſt whom was young *Don Diego* in a Maſquerading Habit, Son and Heir Apparent of *Don Diego de Lana*, an opulent and wealthy Merchant, whom after ſome grave Admonitions *Don Sancho* Conducted home to his Fathers Houſe, having a deſign on the Morrow to treat about a Match betwixt the Son and his Daughter *Sancha*.

Chap. V. *A further Continuation of* Don Sancho's *Government, with the Adventure of the Second* Madam Sorrowful, *and other very merry Matters.*

IN the Morning the Governor aroſe, and after he had eat what was provided him by *Punchinello*'s order, which was not much to *Sancho*, who was as hungry as a Kite, he proceeded again to Audience, and with that Facility and Juſtice, reſolv'd all the difficulties they propos'd, and pronounc'd ſuch Equitable Sentences upon it, that the *Lacedemonian* Law-giver could not have given more, which done, freſh Proviſions were

made by the Steward for his Dinner, who began now to make ſome Conſcience of famiſhing ſo perſpicacious and worthy a Governor.

Now then had *Sancho* Din'd to his Content in ſpight of all the Aphoriſms of the Doctor, when of a ſudden a Courier entred the Hall, with a Letter from *Don Quixot*, which being publickly read, and by all highly Applauded for its ſenſe and integrity; ſuch was *Sancho*'s Zeal to anſwer it, that riſing up from his Chair, he immediately lock'd himſelf up in his Chamber, and order'd his Secretary to write as follows,

My Lord Don Quixot, *My Employment finds me ſo much buſineſs, that I have not time ſo much as to ſcratch my Head, which is the ſole reaſon that I have not wrote to you all this while*, &c.

And thus uſhr'ing in the reſt of his Story, gave his Maſter a full and ample Account of all things as they had gradually befaln him ever ſince the Commencement of his Government; together with thoſe Laws which he had contriv'd with himſelf for the Reformation of it, which were in ſhort for the ſuppreſſing of publick Taxes, Rateing of Imports, eſpecially of Wines, and for the laying Penalties upon all ſuch as ſhould Adulterate them, and regulating of Servants wages, with ſeveral other moſt excellent and wholeſome Laws and Conſtitutions which were from thence forth punctually to be obſerv'd under the title of *The Inſtitutions of the Great and Prudent Governor* Sancho

cho Pancha. While then the Courier is dispatched with these Letters, let us look back a little upon *Don Quixot*, who by this finding himself pritty well cur'd of his Nail-marks, and growing weary of that Lazie Life he lead in the Castle, determin'd to take leave of the Duke, and depart for *Saragosa*, when while, sitting with him at the Table, he was ush'ring in his design with a Studdy'd Complement, behold two Women entred the Room clad in Mourning Weeds from Head to Foot, who to tell you without any farther delay were Madam *Sorrowful* and her Daughter, who you have so lately heard, had been bauk'd by the Farmers Son, and dishonour'd by the Treacherous Insolence of that Country-Bumpkin, which Mrs. *Dorothy* renewing her Relation again of the ungracious Usage of her Daughter, so passionately begg'd of him that he would espouse her Quarrel, and either see her righted by Marriage, or a just Retribution for so Vilanous a Perfidiousness, that he promis'd her he would do it, and with the Dukes Permission, either Chastise the *Hedge-bird* of a Traitor, that had robbed her of her Honour, or die in her Defence.

VVith this the Duke undertook for the Country Lad, that he should accept the Challenge, and that he would engage his Honour to see a fair Stage, and Justice done on both sides, as all Princes were oblig'd to do that admitted of such Combats within their Territories, appointing both the day and manner of their Combat, which was to be with Lance and Buckler, without any fraud or treach-

ery, according to the Custom of *Knight-Errants*; for which end the place assign'd was the Court of the Castle, and the day the 8th ensuing, when the Lady and her Daughter are to depositè the Merits of their Cause in the hands of their Champion, and submit to the determination of force of Arms.

Upon this arriv'd the Courier, who brought the Governor's Letter to *Don Quixot*, which no less startled the whole Company, who was so much mistaken as to take the Governor for a Fool: To whom return we, as being the Flower of all Mankind that ever Govern'd Islands.

Book IV.

CHAP. I.

Containing the toilsome Conclusion of Sancho Pancha's *Government.*

THere is nothing, says *Cid Hamet* the *Mahometan* Philosopher, constant in this World, Day swallows Night, Night Day, yet all things in their order return again. But Man is that unhappy Creature that can call nothing his own, and is not Master of his present Enjoyments, such

ſuch is the inſtability of his Fortune, *&c.*

It was now the Seventh Night when the careful Governor, weary with Reformation of Abuſes, betook himſelf to reſt, and thinking to refreſh his Animal Spirits, was beginning to cloſe his Eyes, when of a ſudden he heard the confuſed Noiſe of Tumult and Uproar, which made him ſtart upon his Britch, and begin to think with himſelf how far this hurly burly might concern him, when about 20 of his Subjects with Swords and lighted Flambeaus glittering in their hands, came into his Room, crying, *Arm, Arm, my Lord Governor, the Enemy's already in the Iſland, and we are all dead Men, unleſs aſſiſted by your Valour and Prudence*; with which the unpractis'd Governor not underſtanding at all what belong'd to Arms, was ſo much at a Nonplus, that he could not tell what to do with himſelf: But at laſt the Alarum growing hotter, conſented to Arm, upon which they enclos'd him up in his Shirt, ſo with Bucklers both behind and before, that he could not ſo much as bend his Knees, but threw himſelf with ſuch a force upon his firſt attempt, to the ground, that he gave over all his Bones for broken, where he lay at his full length in his Shell, like ſome great Boat overturn'd upon the Sands with the Keel upward, while the unmerciful *Cannibals* firſt putting out all their Lights, and then making a hideous hurley burley and clattering with their Swords, as if it had been the Battle of *Lepanto*, trampled too and again upon the poor Governors Body, without any Compaſſion, and like Farriers making of Horſe-

ſhoes,

ſhoes, laid on at ſuch a rate upon his Buckler, that they made him Sweat within his Iron Caſe, like a piece of Beef in an Oven, till at length, having ſported with Authority, as much as they thought fit, one of them cry'd out, *Victory, Victory*, as if ſome Enemy had been put to flight, and very graciouſly help'd him up upon his Legs to ſhare with them in their Conqueſt, at which time they uncas'd him, and return'd him again to his reſt.

This was very ſevere uſage, and the *Great Sancho* did not know how to digeſt it, and therefore getting himſelf up by break of day, and dreſſing himſelf with ſome Member twitches you may be ſure, away he marches to his *Grizle* into the Stable. *Ah! faithful Beaſt*, ſays he, with Tears, *what happy Days, and Months, and Years, have I enjoy'd when thee and I only liv'd together, and had a right underſtanding one of another; but ſince I have left thee, and clambred up the lofty Towers of Ambition, nought but hardſhips and diſquietneſs have hareſs'd my very Soul. Come, come*, ſays he, then a little recovering himſelf, *every Beaſt, I ſee muſt to her Mate: I find I was not born to be a Governor*, and with this, Sadling and Mounting *Grizle*, and cauſing the Gates to be immediately open'd, away flew the *Great Sancho* from his *Iſlanders*, without ſo much as bidding them *Farewel*, beyond all their power of Revocation, towards the Caſtle to give the Duke an account of his Adminiſtration, and to let him know how unkindly his Enemies had us'd him.

Chap

Chap. II. *What befel* Sancho *upon the Road, which is all truth.*

NOw before *Sancho* could reach within a League of the *Caſtle*, it grew dark, ſo that he was forc'd to bethink himſelf of taking up at the next Summer Lodging he could find, when his Unfortunate hour being come, it hapned that poor *Grizle* wandring about, and not ſeeing her way, tumbled of a ſudden into a deep Cellar, which belong'd to the ruins of an old Houſe, but falling on her Feet like a Cat, received no farther injury than the Diſlocation of one of her Joynts by a Shoulder Sprain; which *Sancho*, being a skilful Bone-ſetter, ſoon put to rights. However, the Abyſs was deep, at leaſt two ſtory high, out of which no paſſage was to be found, ſo that all the Governor could do at preſent, was to ſit down and bewail his own Misfortunes. But at length the Sun, compaſſionate of his Sufferings, lending ſome light into the Infernal Vault, he luckily caſt his Eyes upon a hole in the Wall, which being big enough, he and his Aſs paſſed through into another Cavity, which ſeemed to enlarge it ſelf the farther it extended. A thouſand frightful Imaginations all this while poſſeſſing the mind of the diſtreſſed *Pancha*, while creeping ſlowly along, he marched about the ſpace of half a Leagne, all within theſe dreadful Obſcurities.

Now to ſee how ſtrangely Fortune will bring about her Conceits; it hapned this very Morning that

that *Don Quixot*, who impatiently expected the Combat with the Raviſher of Mrs. *Dorothies* Daughter, was breathing *Roſinante*, when being upon the Gallop, he hapned to fix part of his Fore-feet upon part of the ſurface of this very place, into which both Horſe and Champion had inevitably plung'd without redemption, had not the *Don* by his dexterity forced *Roſinante*, contrary to the conſiderate temper of the Beaſt, to take a ſaving leap; when having ſo narrowly eſcaped, he muſt needs ſatisfie his Curioſity in looking back upon the danger he had avoided, and wheeling about to the hole with a thouſand various Crotchets in his Head, he diſcover'd by the tone of his Voice that poor *Sancho*, who was all this while uttering Complaints, was in *Lobb's Pound*; but poſting to the Caſtle by the help of ſeveral of the Dukes Servants, with Ropes and Ladders, they made ſhift to recover *Sancho* and his *Grizle* from uncomfortable Darkneſs. At length arriving with him at the Caſtle, the Duke and Dutcheſs expected his coming in one of the long Galleries, to whom he gave a moſt ample account both of the Malice of his Enemies, his own Deportment in his Government with his departure from it, and all thoſe Misfortunes that befell him on the way.

Chap. III. *Of the ſtrange Combate betwixt* Don Quixot, *and the Lackey* Toſilos *in Vindication of Mrs.* Dorothies *Daughter.*

AND now comes the appointed day for the Fatal Encounter, in order to which a Scaffold is erected by the Duke's command, for the Judges of the Combat, as well as for the injur'd Ladies that had made their Complaints; when the firſt that appear'd within the Barriers was the Martial of the Field, who came to Survey the ground, and to ſee there were no plots nor pitfalls, the next were the Complaining Ladies who ſeated themſelves in their places, all in deep Mourning, to ſhew their Grievances were not ſmall; when by and by comes in the formidable *Skip-kennel Toſilos*, and Lackey of *Gaskoyn*, whom I told you, the Country Lad being fled into *Flanders*, they had procur'd to ſupply his place, enclos'd in bright ſhining Iron, and preceded by a number of Trumpeters *Tantarrararing* before him; and laſt of all entred the Liſts the peerleſs Champion of *Mancha*, when Drums ratling, and Trumpets ecchoing the loud Signals of Battle, each one expected when the Knights would begin their Carreer, when *Toſilos* having fetch'd a Compaſs about the Barriers, and beheld the Amiable Countenance of his lovely Enemy, was ſhot ſo ſmartly by the little Elf call'd Love, in the Ball of his Eye, that he was wounded to the Heart before his Antagoniſt had touch'd him, and by way of

prevention of the Champions Fury, marched up to the Scaffold, where the Ladies ſat, and thus with a low Obeyſance beſpake Mrs. *Dorothy*, *Madam*, ſays he, *my Heart Relents, and I am here ready to perform my promiſe, and marry your Daughter*; making haſte preſently to unlace his Helmet. At what time Mrs. *Dorothy* ſeeing of it to be *Toſilos*, cried *A Cheat, a Cheat, it is only* Toſilos; when the Champion gravely and ſoberly repli'd, *Take it upon my Faith, Madam*, ſays he, *it is the very ſame Man you have Challeng'd, only thus transform'd through the cunning and inveterate animoſity of theſe* Necromancers, *who continually perſecute me, and therefore my Advice it, that the Damſel marry the Knight*; but after every one had given his Verdict, it was thus reſolv'd, that the Marriage however, for better ſatisfaction, ſhould be deferr'd for ſuch a number of days, and *Toſilos*, the ſuſpected perſon, in the mean time ſhould be ſecured to ſee whether he would re-aſſume his former ſhape, and *Don Quixot* was proclaim'd Victor by a general conſent. But I muſt tell you, the Champion weary of this lazy manner of Life in the Caſtle, had not patience to wait the Experiment to ſee whether *Toſilos* would return to his former Figure or no, but having taken his ſolemn Leave of the Duke and Dutcheſs over Night, the next Morning before the Sun was up, mounted his *Rozinante*, and took the direct Road for *Saragoſa*.

Chap.

Chap. IV. *Recounting various Occurences, and what befel the* Don *at the Inn.*

Don Quixot now in the open Field, began to be more Zealous in the chase of Adventures than ever, inveighing against Confinement, and extolling Liberty as the greatest Blessing that can be bestow'd upon Men, *Happy the Man*, says he, *whom Heaven has bless'd, tho but with a morsel of Bread, for which he has no further obligation unto any body, but to Heaven that gave it*, &c. When on a sudden, after many Discourses past betwixt him and his Squire, they found themselves entring into a Forrest, quite out of the Road. Here it is that I should tell you of those pleasant Occurrences they met with in the Forrest, their surprize by young Men and Virgins in the habits of Shepherds and Shepherdesses, those silken entanglements they had spread over the Trees, in which the Champion was caught at his first entrance, and the design of them, the Curtesie of the Shepherds and Shepherdesses, whose intention was to act a Pastoral in their Dresses, their Reception of *Don Quixot* and his Squire, the *Dons* frank and generous offer to put himself in the middle of the Road to maintain that they were the peerless Beauties of Christendom, *Dulcinea* only excepted, against all the Passengers that should dispute it, in requital of their Civilities; and his unfortunate Miscarriage in the Adventure with the

enraged Bulls, and their being unmercifully trampled under the Hoofs of those unclean Beasts, all which not consisting with my scope and design, and the bad success of our Champion reflecting so much on his Person, we will omit it, and take a view of him, as he is now Travelling upon the Road towards the next Inn, when sore and tir'd with the Effect of his last Enterprize, he immediately took his Chamber, leaving his Squire to take care of *Rosinante* and *Grizle*.

Don Quixot had not been long in the room before he overheard two Gentlemen in the next, reading and descanting upon the History of his Life, when one of them hapned amongst the rest of his Animadversions, to say, *That* Don Quixot *seem'd not to be so much Enamour'd of* Dulcinea *in the first part as in the second.*

The *Don* over-hearing them, *Whoever*, says he, *says that* Don Quixot *can forget* Dulcinea, *lies in his Throat*, Constancy's *my* Motto, *and such forgetfulness would be beneath* Don Quixot. Upon which had like to have hapned a very fatal Encounter, had not the Gentlemen, understanding who he was, discreetly accommodated the Business, but entring into the Room, and throwing themselves about his Neck, they soon told him, that they were very well satisfi'd it was only a mistake of the Historian, who had not Recorded his passion so much for his Peerless *Dulcinea* in the first as in the second Part; but that such mistake could no ways eclipse the lustre of his Name, whom the general Suffrage of the World concluded

concluded to be no leſs than undaunted, &c. and ſo invited him into their Chamber to Sup with them.

Where in various Diſcourſes, they waſted good part of the Night, as alſo ſome times in reading the Hiſtory, in which I muſt needs tell you, they obſerved one thing that was remarkable, and was the occaſion of the Champions fixing his reſolution for *Barcellona* inſtead of *Sarragoſa*, of which you ſhall hear in the next Chapter, underſtanding that he might there have an opportunity of ſignalizing his Valour at a grand Turnament which was to be held there. The Author it ſeems of this Hiſtory, for it was not *Benengeli*, had repreſented the *Don* at *Sarragoſa* as ſo wretched a Ramſcuttle, and ſo ridiculous piece of Extravagance and Rhodomantade, that he reſolved not to give the leaſt credit by his appearing there, to that part of his Romance, and therefore to betake himſelf to *Barcellona*.

But now the Night being far gone, it is time for them to take their leaves, and therefore the Champion, wiſhing them a good repoſe, retires into his Chamber to his reſt, together with his incomparable Squire, who had been all this while Gutling and Drinking with the Inn-keeper.

Chap. V. *What befel the* Don *in his going to* Barcellona.

NOw no ſooner was it day, but *Don Quixot* left the Inn, riding on ſix days without meeting any conſiderable Adventure; but at laſt the Devil, who was always cutting out Work for him, putting him in mind of one, which was to laſh *Sancho*, in obedience to the Oracle, and to execute the Pennance which was impoſed upon him by *Merlin*; taking off one of the Stirrup Leathers from *Roſinantes* Saddle, he began to untruſs *Sancho*'s Breeches, upon which *Benengeli* reports, there was a very hainous Buſtle; but at laſt he conſented once more to leave *Sancho*, who thought himſelf too good to be made a Whipping Poſt on, to his own free will; when of a ſudden they were ſurprized by a whole Regiment of Highway-men, who, as ill luck would have it, ruſh'd in upon them at ſuch a time when they were in no poſture of Defence, *Don Quixot* being on foot without either Lance or Horſe, ſo that it being no time to diſpute, they was forced to ſtand and deliver that is, ſuffer *Rozinante* and *Grizle* to be diſburthen'd of their Portmantle and Wallet, and happy was it for *Sancho* that his yellow Boys was faſt tied in the lappit of his Shirt, which yet the honeſt Men would ſoon have found out, had it not been for *Roques Gumiard* their Captain, but the Generous *Roques* interpoſing, ſav'd our Two Adventurers from Plunder, at leaſt cauſed all things

to

to be ſafely return'd them again, which had been borrow'd by his Crew. I might tell you here of ſeveral things that occur'd during *Don Quixot* and his Squires ſtay with the Highway-Men which was three days, in which ſeveral Booties were taken; ſeveral ſage and wiſe Diſcourſes paſt betwixt the *Don* and *Roques Gumiard*, the policy alſo uſed by the Captain and his Crew, and their manner of Government. But I haſte to let you know, that at length *Don Quixot*, *Roques*, and *Sancho*, attended by ſix of the Jolly-band, arriv'd at *Barcellona* after three days were expired, in the dusk of the Evening, from whence *Roques* and his Gang, after many Complements paſt betwixt him and *Don Quixot* for his Civilities, return'd back to their Company the ſame way they came, leaving the *Don* and his *Squire* to their own Conduct, only *Roques* retir'd a little aſide, and wrote to one of his Friends there, ſignifying to him what a Gueſt they had in the Town, and deſiring him to give Notice of him to ſuch of his Friends as he intended ſhould partake of the Paſtime, which occaſioned what follows.

Chap. VI. *What further occur'd at* Barcellona, *with the Adventure of the Speaking Head*, &c.

NOw for *Barcellona*, where we are to behold the Champion cloſing up in his laſt Scene, and all his ſoaring Thoughts ſuffering Shipwrack by that Capricious Baggage *Fortune*, that Blind drunken inconſtant Female, that neither ſees

nor minds whom she raises, nor knows whom she casts down. But before we come in particular to tell you how this came to pass, we are to look a little upon our Champion's Behaviour and Entertainment in the Town.

No sooner then had the Fair *Aurora* shed her liquid pearly Dew upon the fragrant Herbs and Flowers, but our Adventurers left their Nests, I mean *Don Quixot* and his Squire, at what time a pleasing, yet confused Noise of Warlike Instruments saluted their Ears, then they look'd about and saw the Sea, which they had never done before, which appear'd to them to be much more wide and spacious than the River of *Mancha*; then they view'd the Gallies in the Port, which truly was also a very pleasing Spectacle. The Prospect indeed of all sides was lovely, the Land Jocund, the Air serene, the Ocean calm and smiling, and nothing intervening to intercept the gazing Eye, while the gaping Courteous Spectators, our Champion and his Squire, admired all they had beheld, who while in these Extasies, were of a sudden surrounded by a Troop of Gentlemen, of which one was *Roques*'s Friend, to whom he had written, and giv'n the Caracter of our Champion, who presently cri'd out altogether, *Welcome the Great, the Valiant* Don Quixot, *the True and Admirable Knight of* Mancha, *whose Character* Cid Hamet *has so faithfully deliver'd to the World.*

Upon which *Don Quixot* was too much in a Labyrinth to answer. But one of the Gentlemen *Roques*'s Friend, the Wealthy *Antonio Moreno*, and

and one of the moſt conſiderable Perſons in *Barcelona*, ſingling him out, and giving him to underſtand that they were all there the familiar Friends of *Roques Gumiard*, and his humble Servants, who were thus induc'd to attend him by the notice they had from *Roques Gumiard*, of his Arrival, and his particular Recommendations of him into their eſteem; it pritty well diſintangled him again into his Senſes, and made him ſo much Maſter of himſelf, as to be able to repay them with thoſe Acknowledgements that were due to ſuch a Curteſie, eſpecially the Courteous *Antonio*, whom upon his Entreaties, he accompani'd to his Houſe, together with that Mirrour of a Squire of his *Sancho Pancha*.

Now *Antonio Moreno*, having them in his Houſe, reſolv'd to make Sport with them, and the firſt thing that he did was to ſhow *Don Quixot* in his Antick Habit, in his Balcony which look'd into one of the principal Streets in the City. The next thing was to invite his Friends, to be partakers of the ſame diverſion with himſelf, who treated *Don Quixot* with all the ſpecious Reverence and Ceremony, that he was almoſt aſham'd to ſee himſelf ſo highly honour'd. The next thing was to expoſe him to the whole City; to which end they took a turn about it in the Ev'ning. At what time they pinn'd a large Sheet of Parchment upon his back, whereupon was written, *This is* Don Quixot de la Mancha, *ſo that every Man, Woman, and Child*, reading that Inſcription, as readily had his Name at their tongues end, as if the whole

whole City had been of his Acquaintance. But numerous were the Diverſions they made themſelves with his Extravagancies, which I cannot have time here to recount, but with nothing more than a ſort of *Speaking Head*, which *Don Antonio* it ſeems had caus'd to be made, in imitation of one which he had ſeen at *Madrid*, to abuſe the credulity of the people, which he pretended to be Inchanted, in which two Pipes and Canals for the Voice to aſcend and deſcend in, were ſo artificially contriv'd, and the Head ſo artificially plac'd upon a hollow Pedæſtal, that one ſtanding and liſt'ning to it underneath it, and ſo unſeen by the Company, might both hear what was ask'd, and give anſwers to the queſtions, to the great admiration of *thoſe* who could not *divine* from whence they came, amongſt which wiſe number was the Champion and his Squire, the relation of whoſe fooliſh Fancies and Conceits, I muſt paſs by; together with his boarding the Gallies, and his Reception there by the Admiral, and the immaterial Adventure of the *Beautiful Moreſs*, to keep within my preſcribed limits, and to make way for the enſuing Chapter.

Chap.

Chap. VII. *Containing the moſt unlucky Adventure that ever befel our Champion, and which he laid to heart more than any that had ever hapned.*

NOw then comes the fatal hour, when Luck that ſlippery Quean is to leave our Champion in the Lurch.

One Mornin g it hapned that *Don Quixot* riding Cap-a-pee, abroad to take the Air, beheld at a diſtance another Knight ſtalking towards him, Arm'd at all points like himſelf, bearing in his Shield the glittering Moon blazon'd in her proper Colours. Who drawing near, *Illuſtrious Knight*, cri'd he with a loud Voice, Don Quixot de la Mancha, *I am the* Knight of the White Moon, *who am come to prove thy ſtrength here, by fair and equal Combate, and to make thee acknowledge that my Lady, let her be who ſhe will, is in all points to be preferr'd before* Dulcinea, *which doing, thou wilt avoid a moſt aſſured Death, or otherwiſe our Combate ſhall be upon theſe Conditions, If thou vanquiſheth me, I bequeath thee from henceforth my Horſe and* Arms, *and the Repuſation of having vanquiſhſt one of the moſt Renowned Knights in the World; but if it be my fortune to overcome thee, I demand of thee that thou would'ſt lay by thy* Arms, *at leaſt for one whole Year, and return to thy Houſe, and not preſume to handle thy* Arms *any more, during that ſpace.* This is the Stratagem that *Don Caraſco*, for ſuch was the name of the Knight, had been contriving with

with himself, ever since he had so unluckily taken upon him the Title of the *Knight of the Looking Glasses*, and encountring *Don Quixot* in the Road upon his *Hackney Errant*, had been overthrown.

Don Quixot amaz'd at the Insolence of the *Knight*, and the subject of his Challenge, made no more to do, but with a proud, surly, disdainful Air, told him, *He accepted his Challenge, and that success should speedily declare as well the falsehood of what he asserted, and which of them knew best to handle a Lance*, &c.

Now the *Vice-Roy* of the City inform'd that the *Knight of the White Moon* had been thus parlying with *Don Quixot*, took Horse, and interpos'd to know the reason of their Quaerel: But the *Knight of the Moon* having given it him in short, and he fancying it to be only a jocular Contrivance of the Geatry, to make themselves sport, he suffer'd them to go on.

And so each taking their Post, without any Trumpet or any other Warlike Instrument to give the Signal, away they flew like Rockets in the Air to meet one another at the gates of Death, when doleful to tell you, the *Knight of the Moon* being by far the better Hors'd, without so much as using his Lance, brush'd by the *Knight of Mancha*; and overthrew both Horse and Man to the ground, and with that violence, that poor *Sancho*, who came at the latter end of the fray, was afraid that he should have had occasion for another Funeral Oration.

With

With this the *Knight of the Moon* made no more to do, but whipping from his Horſe, and putting the point of his Lance to *Don Quixot*'s Vizor, *Sir Knight*, ſays he, *your Life's at an end, unleſs you perform the Conditions of the Combate.* *Don Quixot* was ſo bruis'd and ſtumm'd with his Fall, that he had but little breath left him, but yet too much to tarniſh the Beauties of his *Dulcinea* with, and therefore would not breath out the leaſt thing that might tend to her diſhonour. But however engaging himſelf upon the Faith of a true Knight, to do whatever elſe was requir'd, the *Knight of the Moon* was fully ſatisfi'd, and ſo Saluting the Vice-Roy, return'd back again into the City. While the ſtanders by lifting *Don Quixot* upon his Bumm, found him pale and dejected, and in a cold Sweat, as if he was ready to Expire; upon which the Vice-Roy ſending for an Elbow-Chair and two or three Pillows, order'd him to be carried, like ſome Labourer fallen from the top of an Houſe, back into the City: Where we muſt leave him, reflecting upon his Misfortunes, and reſolving as ſoon as his Bones were a little ſettled to take his leave of Unfortunate *Barcellona.*

Chap. VIII. Don Quixot's *Travel homewards, and what hapned by the way, with the Adventure of the* Briſtles.

NOw then is *Don Quixot* upon his *Rozinante*, his Arms laid aſide, whilſt *Sancho* is forc'd to beat it upon the Hoof, in regard that *Grizle* was forc'd to bear the Knights Furniture. It is true *Sancho* was clearly for hanging up the old Iron upon the next Tree, in imitation of the Knight that crack'd *Orlando Furioſo*'s Scull; but his Maſter, upon mature deliberation, not permitting, it was not done.

This Night they both ſlept under the Canopy of Heaven, not having met with any conſiderable Adventure or Occurrence all the day: But the next Morning, continuing on their Journey, they ſaw coming along the Road my *Lord Dukes* Footman, *Toſilos*, with a Packet from the *Vice-Roy* of *Barcellona*, for his Maſter. I only name this, becauſe the meeting of this Lackey, was the occaſion of ſo much Diſcourſe betwixt *Don Quixot* and his Squire, concerning his Transformation, whether it was real or no, that is, whether *Toſilos* was really *Toſilos*, or ſome Knight under that diſguiſe. I think the Champion alſo put a great many Queſtions to him, which the Lackey reſolv'd with as many Scrapes and Congees, before he gave his Anſwer.

Their whole diverſion now upon the Road was *Tit Tat*, while at laſt they arriv'd at the place where

where the mad Bulls had mortifi'd their Carcaſes, which *Don Quixot* had cauſe enough to remember. And reflecting upon the Ladies and Sparks they had met there in Shepherds Weeds, a ſudden Frollick took him of turning Shepherd, till the time ſhould expire, in which he had promis'd not to take up Arms, and had certainly put his deſign into practice, had not *Sancho* by his Arguments diverted him, ſo mightily was he taken with the Conceit; and the pleaſant innocent rural Life they ſhould lead in the Woods and Downs, by Chryſtal Fountains and Rivers.

Now by this time it grew late again, ſo that they were forc'd to ſeek for ſhelter in the next Wood, where after a Lent Supper, they betook themſelves to their uſual Reſt, where they had not long reſted ere they were waked by a Noiſe that ſpread it ſelf over the whole Valley; upon which *Don Quixot* ſtarting upon his Feet, laid his hand on his Sword, but as for *Sancho*, he intrenched himſelf on both ſides with his Arms and Pack-Saddle under *Grizles* Belly, panting as the noiſe encreaſed, like a Mouſe in the Cats Claws. Now the Noiſe you muſt know, was occaſion'd by a vaſt Herd of Swine, which were driving to Market, and the Knight and the Squire ſtanding full in their way, the Boariſh Animals, preſs'd forward by their Drivers, ruſh'd in upon him without the leaſt Reſpect or Veneration, ſome running between *Sancho*'s, ſome betwixt *Don Quixot*'s Leggs, inſomuch that they not only levell'd both Maſter and Man with the ground, but betrampel'd

Proverbs and *Moral Knighthood*, at that Hoggiſh rate, that ſometimes they fell down and bruſh'd the Champions Chaps, with their uneaſie Briſtles, and ſometimes others would be ſo kind as give 'em a Buſs at parting, and with their *Egyptian* Noſe-rings, lend them a rake o'th' Cheeks, inſomuch that both the Philoſophers had almoſt loſt all their Patience. But on went the Grunting Crew without any remorſe for their uncivil uſuage either of *Knight-Errantry*, or his *Squireſhip*, who made ſhift for all this to ſleep out the reſt of the Night, at leaſt *Sancho* who ſhut ſoon again the Portcullices of his Eyes; and clapping his Breech to the Calves of his Leggs, as Maids do at Church, fell very quickly into a profound Trance. But I ſuppoſe the *Don*'s ſleep was not altogether ſo ſound, becauſe he laid too much to heart his being thraſh'd, and the Abſence of his *Dulcinea*. By this time it was broad day, when mounting their Dromedaries, they continu'd on their Journey till towards Evening. At what time they ſaw coming towards them, about eight or ten Men a Horſe-back, and five on Foot, at which *Don Quixot* and *Sancho* were not a little diſmay'd, believing them to be ſuch as us'd to borrow upon the Road, and never pay again, which belief of theirs was confirm'd, when they came up and us'd their Piſtols as they did, but in ſhort, they were not the Men they took them for, but their buſineſs was, having Intelligence that they were upon the Road, to hurry them away immediately to the Dukes Caſtle, which they did, carrying

rying them into the Chief Court, as you ſhall find in the following Chapter.

Chap. IX. *Containing the ſtrangeſt Adventure* Don Quixot *ever met with, alſo an Account of* Sancho's *Penance*, &c.

INto this Court the Horſemen, together with the Footmen being entred, and *Don Quixot* and *Sancho* being rudely taken from their Horſes, and dragg'd to a Theatre erected in a corner of the Court, was ſet down on one ſide of it.

This Stage or Theatre was built for the Repreſentatives of *Minos* and *Radamanthus*, Chief Judges of Hell, according to the Fictions of the Poets, and the whole Solemnity here, in few words, was only a horrid, diſmal, frightful Scene, to ſtrike a Terror into our poor Adventurers, and to make Sport. Here blaz'd the Tapers, there ſtood a black and melancholy Tomb covered with the Corps of a deceaſed Virgin, there the lighted Torches ſhone with a Funeral Light, and a deep and ſullen ſilence added to the reſt of the amaſing Horrors, but in fine, the whole deſign being accompliſhed, and *Sancho* being ſoundly kick'd, pinch'd, and whirrited, according to the Sentence of *Radamanthus*, for the Redemption of Mrs. *Tomboy* to Life, who all this while ſeem'd to lie deeply Entranc'd upon the Tomb faſt ti'd by Infernal Charms, till ſuch time as the irreverſible will of Fate ſhould be fulfill'd, upon the Squire of that Knight, for whoſe ſake the miſerable Damſel had been reduc'd to

that condition, for you muſt know Squires all along in ſtories of *Knight-Errantry* are the *Hackneys* to bear their Maſters Burthens; the Company was diſmiſs'd, the Court clear'd, and *Don Quixot* and *Sancho* conducted to their Chambers.

Sancho lay this Night in a Bed by his Maſter, and made ſhift to ſleep and ſnoar too, like a Boar in his Frank; but the Maſter himſelf was ſwallow'd up in his uſual Dreams and Deliriums, when juſt as he had recover'd himſelf and was about to riſe, Madam *Tomboy* entred the Room, leaning upon a ſtick of Ebony, and in ſo ſurprizing a Dreſs, that not regarding any Complements to Ladies, he made ſhift to withdraw himſelf under the Bed-cloaths, and cover himſelf over head and ears: However Madam *Tomboy* ſat her down in a Chair by the Bed-ſide, and fetching a profound Sigh, *It is but two days ago*, ſays ſhe, *my Lord*, Don Quixot, *&c.* and ſo went on with a long Story of her Death, by means of the reſentment of his rigour, and that ſhe muſt ſtill have remained in the Grave, had ſhe not been reliev'd by the Sufferings of his Compaſſionate Squire. But my time will not give me leave to give you the Diſcourſe at length betwixt her and the Knight, and his Squire, which was diverting enough. But I proceed to tell you, that *Don Quixot* begg'd leave of the Duke and Dutcheſs to be gone betimes the next Morning, *For the Caves and Dens*, he ſaid, *better became a Vanquiſh'd Knight, than the Palaces of Princes.*

Being

Being then now upon the Road, *Don Quixot* and *Sancho* began to come to an Accommodation concerning the Pennance *Sancho* was to undergo, for the diſinchantment of his Miſtreſs *Dulcinea*, for now was the Champion ſo much poſſeſs'd with the belief of his wonderful Gift that way, ſince his Reſtoration of Mrs. *Tomboy*, that he would have given him Mountains of Gold if he had had them to have him have undertaken the deliverance of his Queen of Beauty. In ſhort, I think they agreed for ſo much a Laſh, and *Sancho* reſolv'd for the earning of his Money as ſoon as he ſhould come to a place convenient. When at length approaching Night befriending him, brought him to a place moſt ſuitable to his purpoſe; it was a ſhady Wood, remote from the HighWay, where letting looſe the two Loving Couple *Rozinante* and *Grizle* to ſhift for themſelves, and lining himſelf well within by plentiful eating and drinking, he made himſelf a moſt unmerciful Lick-back, which was of *Grizles* Halter, and the two Girts of *Rozinante's* Saddle and ſtripping himſelf to his waſte, retir'd into the Wood ſome 20 paces from his Maſter, when *Don Quixot* ſeeing him march Naked from him, with ſuch a ſurly Air, as ſeem'd to threaten no leſs than the deſtruction of Nature's Delicate frame of Arteries and Muſcles, began with a compaſſionate tone to caution him not to be too cruel to his own Fleſh. *No, no, no danger, Maſter*, ſays *Sancho*, *for tho I intend to curry my hide as befits me, yet I ſhall take care of the main chance*, and with that the Coney-catching hang-

dog fell a Lashing the Oak-trees like a *Winchester* Schoolmaster, groaning at every Lash, as if his Soul was taking leave of his Body, till *Don Quixot* weari'd with the unconscionable sound of the stroaks, and thinking he had been all this while a clawing of his own Skin, ran in and seiz'd the Instrument, and would not suffer him to finish his Pennance at this time.

But the next Night *Don Quixot* and *Sancho* lodg'd again among the Trees, and *Sancho* had an opportunity to accomplish his Pennance, which the faithful Squire courageously perform'd, at the severe expence of the Bark and Bushes, but preserving his own skin so well, that a Flie would not have stirr'd from his back for what mortification he gave it, and considering *Don Quixot* kept an exact account of the strokes, which since they did not light upon the right place, *Sancho* was unwilling to trust his Secrets with the blab tongu'd Light, and took care to cover his Nakedness before Morning.

All this day and the Night following produc'd nothing considerable, but they rod many tedious Miles without any Adventure, only when ever they met any Woman-kind, they rode up and star'd in her Face, in hopes to meet the disinchanted *Dulcinea*, till at length they mounted up a Hill, from whence they discover'd their own Village. But Oh! the Rapture *Sancho* was in when he saw with his own Eyes again the place of his Nativity, which ended, and *Don Quixot* having given his Squire some Instructions how to behave himself, they descended the Hill, and began

began to draw near the place of their Habitation.

Chap. X. *Of the* Don *and his* Squires *Arrival at their own Village. Of* Don Quixot's *Sickneſs, and the Will that he made; and of his Death.*

UPon their approach to the Village, while *Sancho* was tatling to his Maſter, came up the *Curate*, and *Corraſco*, who preſently ran to embrace their old Friends, with whom *Don Quixot* ſoon arriv'd at his own Houſe, where his Maid and his Niece attended his coming.

Whither alſo came *Tereſa*, being inform'd of their coming home, with her Hair about her Ears, and pulling her Daughter after her, who ran like a Doe in her hand, where after ſome Ceremonies of Love and Duty perform'd betwixt the Husband and the Wife, and the Daughter, *Tereſa* took him under the Arm, and *Sancha* faſtning the waſte-band of his Breeches, away they lugg'd him to his Cottage, leading his *Grizle* by the Collar in his hand, where we will leave him, ſatisfying all *Tereſa*'s and *Sancha*'s numerous Enquiries, and return to *Don Quixot*.

Now were the Champion's Friends overjoy'd to find him at home again, not dreaming he had any more Crotchets in his pate, but before he could pull off his Boots, he was ſo full, that taking the Curate and the Scholar aſide, after he had given them a ſhort account of his Circumſtances, as of

his

his being vanquish'd, and of his Obligation to lay down his Arms for such a time. told them that it was his full intention now to retire to the Woods, where he was resolv'd to spend his leisure time in entertaining his Amorous Passions in the Quality of a Shepherd, desiring them if their Business would permit, to bare him Company in so delightful and innocent a Life, promising to furnish them with all necessary Accoutrements, who seem'd to comply so far with his Humour, only to gratifie him in way of Discourse, that the *Don* thought himself in the bosome of the Moon, so much was he wrapt with pleasure and content, to see his project take so well, which occasion'd a most diverting *Dialogue* betwixt him and the two other Shepherds, too long here to recite. In this Rapture, the Maid and the Niece put him to Bed, and brought him up his Supper, and after he had done, they drew the Curtains, and left him to his repose.

But who art thou, O presumptuous Man! That pretend'st to dispose either of thy self or Affairs, and resign'st not thy self to the All Soveraign Ruler both of Persons and Events? While *Don Quixot* thus proposes to himself a Merry Life, and then to re-assume his Profession, behold him snatch'd away by the sudden hand of Death.

But before this I should tell you, he was very Sick, for he was seiz'd of a Burning Fever, which enforc'd him to keep his Bed six days, and was so severe upon him, that all the Consolations of his Friends, and *Sancho*'s Twittle Twattle, cou[ld]

not excite him to Mirth. At what time, finding his Death approaching he began to make his Confession, and prepare to die like a Christian, and with a chearful Voice, says he, *Come Neighbours, I am now no more* Don Quixot *of* Mancha, *but plaine Mr.* Alonso Quixano, *and an utter Enemy to* Amadis de Gaul, *wholly detesting and abominating all the whole Rabble of* Knight-Errants, *and all those ungodly Legends of Wandring Chivalry, that have so besotted my Understanding. In a word, I have liv'd like a Fool, and am now resolv'd to die in my Wits, and in the Bed of Repentance, for I find my Death approaching*; and so ordering a Scrivener to be sent for, and bequeathing as he thought fit, and settling things in due mode and form, departed this Life; upon whom the Student *Corrasco* made this following Epitaph.

Here seiz'd by Death's immediate Warrant,
Lies one that call'd himself Knight-Errant,
In search of Fame, from home he rub'd,
And got himself by Tapster dub'd.
Thus being made Knight, away he posted
To be lambasted and rib-roasted.
And bravely doth his Sword devote,
To succour all in Petticoat.
More shame to Fortune *so to vex*
The stout Defender of her Sex.

For

For always she in Honours porch,
Unkindly left him in the lurch,
And when half Massacred with Clubs & Ston
The Punk would Laugh at's bloody Bones.
In short, he slept awake and lull'd,
With Honours Charms himself befol'd.
His Life was peaceful yet outragious,
A Dream of pious, and couragious.
To shew that Honour's an edg'd Tool,
Not to be dalli'd with by every Fool.

FINIS.